JOHN BULL, MARCH 9, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1186.
Vol. XLV.

AFTER ILLNESS

BOVRIL
MAKES YOU
YOURSELF
AGAIN

BOVRIL puts BEEF into you

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 3 Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct, and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. S.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 68, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—H. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.).—Levy Bros., Dept. E., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

WHOLESALE Drapery.—Remnants and Art. Silk Hosiery. List Free.—J. McLoughlin, Ltd., Dept. B., 15, George Street, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS, TRADERS, etc. Send for illustrated Catalogue of Fancy Goods, Easy lines to sell. Safe lines to stock. Keen prices.—Nieso Co. (Dept, J.B.), 37, Barbican, London, E.C.1.

BLEND £2 for simple parcel of Fents. Good marketing Lines. No Rubbish.—Ribble Fent Co., 24, Glovers Court, Preston.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (1775), George St., Birmingham.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to collect accounts and extend the sale of our famous Boots, Suits, Bedding, etc. An opportunity to earn £1 or more commission weekly. Particulars free.—MASTERS, LTD., Rye. (Estd. 1869.)

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept. 198, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

EARN £3—£6 weekly as a Certificated Bookkeeper. Individual postal tuition, 10/- monthly. Success guaranteed. Position found when qualified, or fee returned. Booklet, testimonials, prize scheme free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 39, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manufts., Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write Secretary, Police Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." This is a book you must not miss. It contains brilliant articles by Prof. A. M. LOW, our Employment Expert, etc., shows how to pass A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.E.E., Matric., C. & G., G.P.O., Exams., and outlines over 60 home study Courses in all branches of Engineering. Send for free copy to-day (state subject or Exam.). We alone guarantee "NO PASS—NO FEE."—BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, Leicester Square, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 325, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades with list of 667 prices sent for 3d. postage.—Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples FREE. — Pearson's, Church Road, Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

MAKE A GOOD LIVING buying and selling! Use famous sale and exchange columns of "THE EXCHANGE & MART." Thousands of amazing offers weekly. 2d. all newsagents: Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb. for Socks, etc. Navy, Grey and White Yarn 3/10 lb. Post free. Patts. of Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Whse., Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged Ware, etc. honest prices. Clubs, Hotels, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Liverpool Pottery, 24, Burslem, Staffs.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 11 oz., Rug 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 600 Samples, Free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll, 150 patterns 1929 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll Send for big 1929 pattern book free.—Non-Combine Co. (Dept. 5), 211, North Street, Leeds.

PLANTOLEUM Super Floor Covering. Latest Artistic Designs. 2/- sq. yd Carr. Paid Gt Britain. Send for free patterns.—PLANT'S LINO WAREHOUSE, 26, Central Rd., Leeds.

TEA Direct from Growers to Household. At wholesale prices, 1/8, 1/9, 2/- lb., carr. pd. on 4 lb. Special quotas for large quantities. Satisfn. g'nt'd. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, W. Ham.

BEDS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 25-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled bargain. Mat. Cushn, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Napkins, Barrai Towels. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for pcl.; approv. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-; 25 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chris. Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes:— "Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments).—Mrs D. Muneton, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

"83" Springs for Your COMFORT

5/-

The "83" SPRUNG EASY CHAIR

A most marvellous offer! Each chair carries our guarantee—hygienic upholstery throughout. The only perfect roomy and comfortable easy chair made at the price; sprung seats, sprung fronts, sprung arms, and sprung back, comprising 83 tempered steel coppered springs as follows:—67 in seat, 10 on arms, and 6 in back—total 83. The chair is 34 inches wide overall, and the seat is 23 inches deep and 22 inches wide. Upholstered in the best possible manner for ease and comfort in a very fine art Damask or Tapestry. (Patterns sent upon application.)

Write for CATALOGUE

Sent Post Free upon application to our Head Office (Dept. J.B.).

BRANCHES AT

SYDENHAM: 75, 77 & 79, Sydenham Rd. 'Phone: Sydenham 3764.

YORK: 24-25, Parliament St. 'Phone: York 2356.

HULL: 24, 25, 26, Whitefriargate. 'Phone: Central 2313.

DERBY: 2 & 4, Iron Gate. 'Phone: Derby 1267.

LIVERPOOL: 1-3, Pembroke Place. 'Phone: Royal 1692.

SCARBOROUGH: 8, Castle Rd. 'Phone: Scarborough 1068.

SOUTHAMPTON: 150-2, High Street 'Phone: Southampton 3475.

or delivered to your door free upon receipt of first payment of 5/- and 23 monthly payments afterwards of 5/- each.

NETT CASH PRICE: £5:15

This chair can be inspected at any of our showrooms.

HACKNEY FURNISHING CO. (1928) LTD.

West End Showroom:
HACKNEY HOUSE, 39 & 41, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.1.
Telephone: Fitzroy 1214.

Head Office and Showroom:
TOWN HALL BLDGS., MARE ST., HACKNEY, LONDON, E.8
Telephone: Clissold 3030-3032. Telegrams: "Furniments," London.

POOL'S ADVT. SERVICE.

HOYLE'S Calico 38 inches wide 9d. per yd. Wonderful value. Six or more yards post free.—J. Crowther, Tower Street, Dacup.

SEND the coupon in the HUMBER advt. on page 23 for free Folder. "All about the Humber Cob Cycle."

WRITE for the free 20-model Catalogue described in the FILLOTONE GRAMOPHONES advt. on page 14.

SEND at once for free List of SELFRIDGE'S CYCLES. Mention *John Bull*. See page 25.

SEND the free coupon appearing in the ROBBIALAC advt. on page 29. It will bring you some interesting particulars.

WRITE for wonderful Catalogue "W," post free, offered in the WHITELEY CYCLE advt. on page 27.

FREE designs of famous CATESBY'S CORK LINO. Send coupon in the advt. on page 33.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended. 4 lb. 6/6; 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-; 10 lb. 9/6.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

REAL HARRIS TWEED, handmade, 6/- yard. Patterns free.—Mrs. C. Morrison (Dept. J.B.), Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Bagnall, 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 3/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 138, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, BUILD OWN £40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Instructions, 3d. List of Parts Free.—J.B.G., 186, High St., Deptford, London.

READERS interested in Portable Gramophones should read the LISSEN announcement on page 31.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 20/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—Dept. B., Aquarama, 19, Tottenham Court Road, London.

CANARY LOVE-MAKING! How to condition your birds for breeding. Now is the time to be in this fascinating and lucrative hobby. Get this week's "CAGE BIRDS," 2d.; all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

FREE.—A liberal sample of Spillers "Shapes" the new small biscuit for dogs of every size and breed. Assortment comprises four different shapes and distinctive flavours: Fruit, Glucose, Wheatmeal and "Bonzer." Every bite a delight. Watch your dog relish them. Send postcard to Spillers Victoria Foods, 1, Jacob Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1.

THE GREAT EGG PUSH!—Join in the big Government-aided scheme—substantial profits await you! Read the "POULTRY WORLD," 2d. every Friday, at all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 300 illustrations, free to readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/9 for generous supply or 2½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Kidgrove Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try SANATOGEN. YOU LOSE STOMACH Troubles, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. SANATOGEN a perfect brain and body tonic. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6. Energol, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (483D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

"I SUFFERED 25 years Bladder Weakness and Kidney Trouble—am now cured," says taker of PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY, 3/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw St., Liverpool. Sample 6d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. Recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength," sent privately for 3d. only.—Henry Rivers (J.B. 49), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

CATARRH.—Vapo Cresolene promptly relieves all breathing troubles and chest complaints.—Write for Free Booklet No. 48 to Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

DO YOU Suffer from skin troubles such as Eczema, Acne or other blemishes. If so, send 2d. to-day for free sample of SANOL, the wonderful new discovery, which does actually cure these distressing complaints. Full-sized box 1/3, from J. B. Collins, Chemist, NORTHWICH.

READERS' attention is drawn to the [illegible] LEY advt. for CATARRH appearing on back cover of this issue.

SUFFERERS FROM Rheumatism and Gout should try DR. LLOYD'S CELERY AND QUININE POUND TABLETS, containing Celery Seed, Vitamines, which dissolve the Uric Acid and give instant relief. 1/3 and 3/- from all Chemists, or direct from J. B. Holt, Gen. Chemists, or direct from J. B. Holt, Gen. Chemists, and Co., Mark Lane Station Buildings, London, E.C.3.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Sheffield Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approval. New Tyres Buy whilst payments. Inquire, Islington, elsewhere, London Car Co., 34, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1869.

HINTS FOR HOME DECORATORS. The best book obtainable. Full instructions on: Paperhanging, Staining, Graining, Varnishing, Enamelling, Sign-writing, Polishing, Colour washing, etc., and scores of tips, hints and practical dodges for decorating the home throughout. 96 pages, price 1/- post free. SPECIAL OFFER. If you enclose your paint dealer's name and address a copy will be sent for 6d. post free.—Pezzalo Co. (Dept. J.B.), Blackpool.

£100 FOR STORY CRITICS! Send your opinion of best story in March "BLUE MAGAZINE" on postcard. £50 first prize! Piquant, "modern," complete stories wanted, cocktail kick. Authors include "Valentine," Brandon Fleming and Harold Wimbury. Sample 1/- now all bookstalls. 1/2 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WHAT THE BRIDE MUST EXPECT. A frank talk by T. Bowen Partington to [illegible] couples appears in "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. now at all newsagents. 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

DEFY Influenza, Headaches, Colds, Asthma, etc., by using the C.I.P. pocket Inhaler described in the advertisement of The Portland Trading Co., on page 5.

TRIAL size of VEET is offered on page 3.

A FREE SAMPLE of WINCARNIS is offered to all readers of *John Bull* sending the coupon on page 31. Be sure to mention *John Bull* and enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and packing

FREEMANS

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

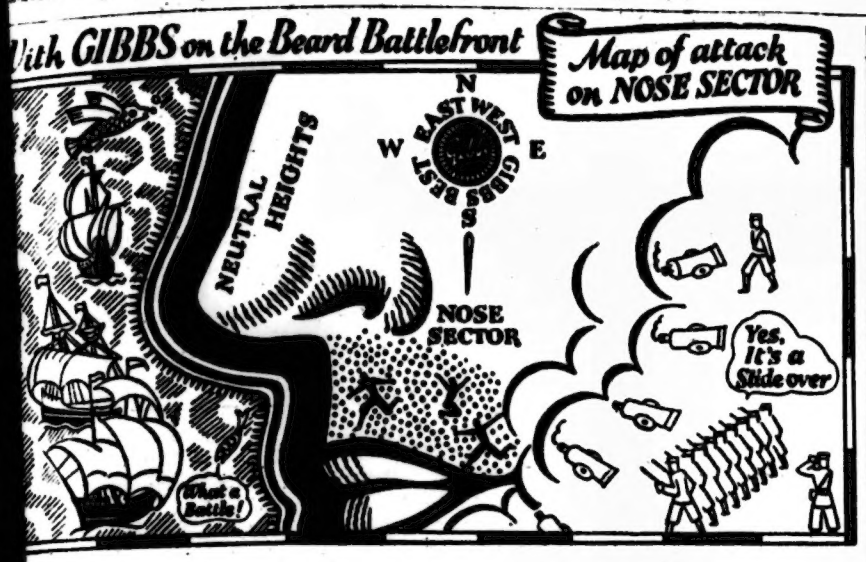
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade.
Highest Commissions Paid.

Liberal supply of samples. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.



GIBBS SHAVING CREAM BUBBLES BURST THROUGH WHISKER WIRE

LATEST BULLETIN

NOSE SECTOR *March 6th,* (7.40 Ack Emma)

Intelligence reported enemy wire destroyed but first raiding party found strong entanglements. G.H.Q. ordered Gibbs Lather barrage laid down. Creamy Bubble Corps smashed through whisker wire, shattered bristle morale and captured salient. Brigade orders search for case perishable goods consigned H.Q. now missing. C.S.M. reported 4 men inebriated. Case not found.

* * * *

Against your enemy, those bristling whiskers, Gibbs Shaving Cream launches an attack that makes the razor's work almost incidental. Gibbs Creamy Bubble Lather soaks each bristle from base to apex in a few seconds. Whisker-resistance is smashed. The razor merely removes the debris.

Healing, soothing, comforting, the Cold Cream in Gibbs works into the pores as you shave. This produces the Gibbs famous after-shave effect — the soft, satiny skin.

Gibbs

SHAVING CREAM

The Cream of Shaves

1/- and 1/6 per Tube

BRITISH MADE

Gibbs Cold Cream Shaving Stick in the patent thumb-push holder, also gives the famous Gibbs Cold Cream Shave

Nickel Holder Case .. 1/3

Refills .. .. 10d.

SAMPLE OFFER

Trial Tube and Trial Stick

G.H.Q. asks volunteers for Creamy Bubble Strafe Course. Officers taking are relieved of all heavy morning parade duties. Send 3d. in stamps under cover of sealed envelope for munitions. You will be issued Trial Tube Gibbs Shaving Cream, Shavers, for the use of, one; and Trial Stick Gibbs Shaving Stick, ditto.

Indent to: D. & W. GIBBS LTD. (Dept. 52 V), LONDON, E.1.

RHEUMATISM

Conquered When Doctors and Hospitals Had Failed.

I have suffered with RHEUMATISM since 1917, and have been in various hospitals and under doctors' treatment until 3 months ago. I was crippled to such an extent that I could not help myself in any way, not even to wash or feed myself, and could not walk without a stick. I have been taking Urace Tablets three months, and now I have found great relief. They have done me a world of good, and I shall take every opportunity in recommending Urace to anyone suffering as I did.—Yours truly, Mr. W. HOPE, Copenhagen Street, Worcester.

Severe Backache Cured.

Dear Sirs,—I have suffered awful pains in my back and head, and have spent a lot on doctors and other advertised medicines, but I had 2 boxes of Urace Tablets and I can honestly say I feel a new person and I only wish I could make others believe me when I say they are indeed a great help to everyone suffering pain.—Yours truly, Mrs. GILBERT, Queen's Road, Barnsley.

URACE and **URACE** alone can relieve Rheumatism and kindred complaints. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why **URACE** has succeeded when scores of other treatments have failed. That is why **URACE** is so freely prescribed and supported by the Medical Profession.

3/- & 5/- Per Box. Timothy, White & Taylor's and all Chemists stores, or direct from the Laboratories, 92, St. John's, E.C.1.

URACE TABLETS *for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Cramp, Influenza, Backache, Nerve Pains, Kidney Troubles, Sciatica, etc., etc.*

You may win £100!

£200 is offered in Cash Prizes in an interesting Competition open to all

CASH Prizes amounting to £200 (First Prize £100) are offered by the Telephone Development Association to those who forecast most accurately the total number of telephone subscribers on the Post Office System at June 30th, 1929.

In preparing forecasts it should be remembered that we are far behind other countries as regards numbers of Telephone Subscribers. At present we have only 36 telephones per 1,000 population, as against Germany's 44, Switzerland's 55, Sweden's 76, Denmark's 92, Australia's 74, Canada's 127, and United States' 160.

Each additional telephone means more employment in scores of different industries, more revenue to the State, and improved national communications.

FREE ENTRY FORMS

giving the figures of growth during the past few years and full details of this Competition, can be had on application at STAND No. 106, Main Hall, Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, or, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, by post from the Association at the address below.

THE TELEPHONE COSTS

NOTHING	... ...	to instal.
NOTHING	... ...	for the calls you receive.
A PENNY	... ...	for each local call you make.
2/6 A WEEK	...	for Rental. Less outside London.

If you're not "on the 'Phone" you're living alone

TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, Aldine House, 10D, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Telephone: REGENT 6224 5.

JOHN BULL'S SQUARE AND FAIR CROSSWORD

An equal opportunity for all!

£500 MUST BE WON

ENTRANCE FEE 6D. FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

ONLY ONE SIXPENNY DOUBLE-ENTRY ALLOWED FROM EACH READER

CLOSING DATE NOON FRIDAY, MARCH 15TH

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on Sale Thursday, March 21

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

Fill in puzzle below in ink and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence, in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp, and post to:—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 3),
97, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

so as to reach us not later than noon on Friday, March 15th. Entry MUST be sent by post.

Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

Each competitor must write name and address in block letters on the back of the envelope outside.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor, and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

Solutions of this Puzzle will be published in "John Bull," on sale Thursday, March 21st, and if your Entry Form, "A" or "B," is absolutely identical or contains not more than three words differing from the solution as published, you must submit claim in accordance with the directions which will then be given. Be sure to keep copies of your Solutions—failure to claim entails disqualification.

Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any competitor for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

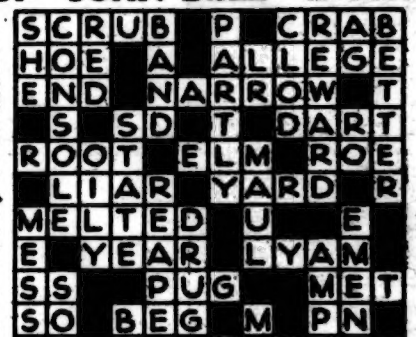
Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 3 which is given below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double-entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

Be sure to keep copies of your solutions, together with postal order number.

SOLUTION OF "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD NO. 1.



3JB.

HOW TO CLAIM.

If one of your Entry Forms ("A" or "B") is absolutely identical or contains not more than three words differing from the solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 1, which is published herewith, send in a claim distinctly stating on which Form ("A" or "B") you are claiming giving the number of words wrong, if any, so as to reach us at the latest by first post, Tuesday, March 12th.

Readers abroad may wire.

ANY COMPETITOR WHO SENDS IN A FOGUS (CLAIM MAY BE DISQUALIFIED FROM TAKING PART IN ANY FUTURE COMPETITIONS.

Claims must be made on a postcard bearing a penny stamp, which must contain only the following words, stating the number of errors, if any:

"I claim.....errors (on 'A' or 'B') Entry Form."

Then add your name and address in BLOCK Letters. Postcards containing other wording will be disqualified and claim disallowed. Claims to be posted to—

"CLAIM" (No. 1),
"John Bull" Crosswords,
97, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

The prizewinner in this competition will be published in "John Bull" on sale March 21st.

Any claimant whose solution has no more errors than that of the competitors winning the prize, and whose claim reaches us by the prescribed date, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, March 26th, on which date the prizes will be distributed, and after which date no claim will be considered.

If such claim is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

Every request for a scrutiny must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Take care of.
5. A red pigment.
11. Containers.
14. Recompense.
15. Silly person.
16. To discharge.
19. Idiots.
21. A howl.
22. P.L. (actual).
23. Foreign.
24. D.N. (actual).
25. Uncommon.
27. Observe
28. Donkey.
30. To live.
31. Indolent.
34. U.M.E. (actual).
37. A bird.
39. Place for storage.
43. S.D. (actual).
44. Ailing.
45. Dilated.
46. Want.
48. A collection.
50. Tackle.
51. Drunkard.
52. An opening.

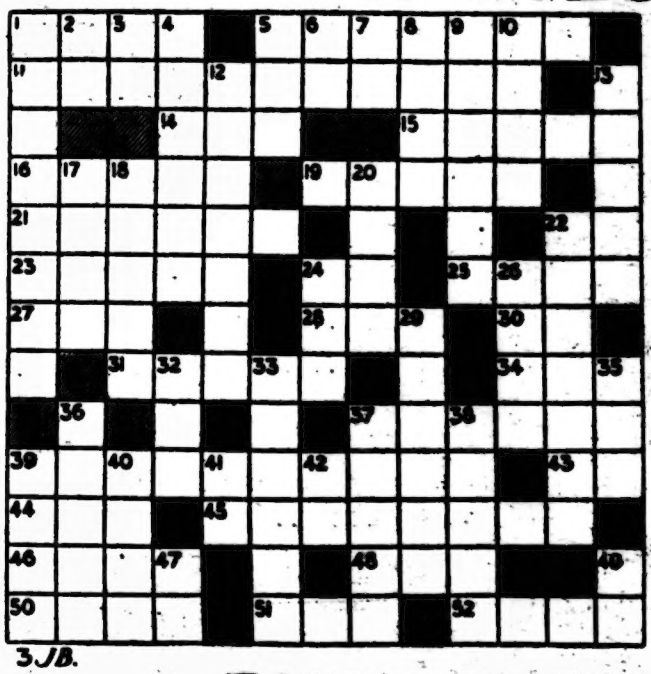
CLUES DOWN

1. To intrude.
2. E.E. (actual).
3. N.C. (actual).
4. To testify.
5. Pig-house.
6. L.A. (actual).
7. As 2 down.
8. A medley.
9. Hawker.
10. Egyptian goddess.
12. Protected ideas.
13. Pin of a dial.
17. Cavity.
18. A reed.
20. Possesses.
22. Accurately forecast.
24. 24 hours.
26. Adjoin.
29. Rare.
32. Self-conscious subject.
33. Experiments.
35. Terminus.
36. Uproar.
37. Damp.
38. Blind agriculturists.
39. To sound.
40. Excuse.
41. A.V. (actual).
42. T.R. (actual).
47. D.R. (actual).
49. Near by.

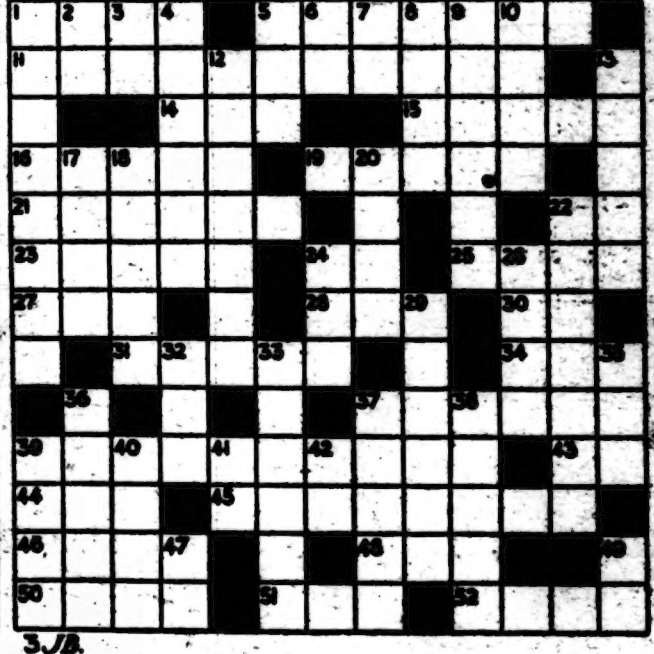
Words in this Competition can be found in Nuttall's Dictionary or Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary (and Supplement).

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** CROSSWORD No. 3 ENTRY FORM "B"



3JB.



3JB.

Don't forget to write your name and address in Block letters on the back of your envelope.

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. _____ these Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one or both Forms entered.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

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ADVANCE DETAILS OF "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 4 WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 26.

When you have tried your skill on "John Bull's" £500 "Crossword," try for another £500 by entering for "The People" Pair-for-all Contest next Sunday!

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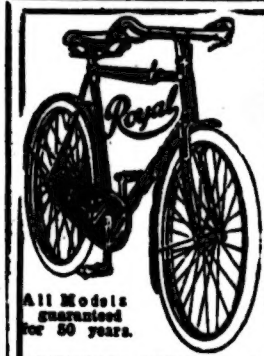

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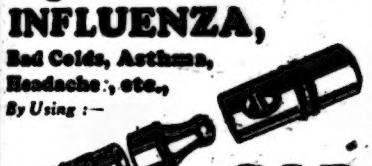

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DEPT. A3

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O.B.E., Ph.D., Etc.

Report from LEWIS JAMESON & CO., LTD., *Consulting Analytical Chemists*, 83 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., London, E.C.

The average man who is enjoying his chosen brand of cigarette probably seldom pauses to consider the basis upon which his preference is founded. And yet every point in a cigarette, both good and bad, can be studied and assessed by the scientist, with the result that it is possible to give a definite reason why one brand differs from another in all the essential characteristics which distinguish the best from the medium and the lower qualities.

If this were not the case, the claims for excellence would be based solely upon personal idiosyncrasy. This "personal equation" can, however, be solved by scientific deduction based upon ascertained fact; and the appreciation of the best, which all true lovers of the cigarette evince, becomes fully justified on the results of an actual chemical and physical examination of the chosen brand.

There is one outstanding quality demanded of a first-class cigarette:—*It should "smoke cool."*

The apparatus used, in testing this point, is Dr. Stanley Smith's Tobacco Eudiometer. It is designed to reproduce the actual conditions under which a cigarette is always smoked, and by its use it is possible to obtain valuable comparative data with regard to the coolness of the smoke.

IT HAS BEEN DEFINITELY ASCERTAINED through the medium of this apparatus that the smoke resulting from ignition of a Craven "A" cigarette is (taken on the average of a dozen tests upon as many different brands of cigarette) *11.8% cooler than that of any other brand.* In two cases Craven "A" proved to be 13% and 12.3% cooler respectively and in two others 1.6% and 1.4% cooler. The average, as stated, stands in favour of Craven "A" by no less than 11.8%.

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Mar. 9, 1929. Twopence.
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"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

New Police Troubles—Petrified Peer

Ray Danger—Catty Whips

Rosa Could Tell!

ANOTHER grave police scandal is brewing. It appears that a notorious character when recently questioned by detectives on certain charges, made grave allegations against three uniformed officers attached to a London division.

The case against one, a sergeant, has now been prepared, and he will be asked to explain his association with a woman connected with a house of ill-repute which it was his duty to suppress.

Signed statements supporting the various specific charges to be made have been lodged with a solicitor. They will be difficult to refute.

* * *

The affair will not be so sensational as the Goddard case, but it is serious.

The master-moves

Several Cabinet Ministers want a change; others want promotion.

When Mr. Neville Chamberlain penetrated last week on Sir Kingsley Wood's abilities, he was recommending a successor to himself, from which we may be sure that Neville is fixed up.

* * *

Mr. Churchill has had enough of the Treasury, and the converse is equally true! These will be the master-moves of the shuffle.

Trade follows the swag

Mr. Scheinmann, head of the Soviet State Bank and Russia's foremost financial authority, is now in America conferring with the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank and the heads of the Treasury.

Large credits will be advanced to Russia to enable her to place more orders with American manufacturers.

* * *

British firms could do with some of these orders, but they will not get them. The Government shows no signs of a move for a new agreement with Russia, far less for assisting the links to give credit.

All ready

The Labour Party has already set some of its headquarters men to work on foreign problems that will arise in the first few months of the great If and When!

The results will be embodied in the election manifesto and will include the withdrawal of our army of 6,000 men from the Rhine.

Others will be the immediate diplomatic recognition of Russia and an insistence on defining the limit of Germany's reparation debt.

After all, there's no harm in it. The chances are about equal that the chickens *will* hatch!

Bookie bloodhounds

Pay no attention to rumours about the Bets Tax.

The tax will be repealed, whatever various "official" sources repeat.

The Tory Party headquarters have privately met the organisers of the bookmakers' by-election flying squad, and told them that the tax is "off." In consequence the bookies have called off their hounds.

The best opinion in the racing world considers that no tax, no "graded licence scheme," but a flat rate Treasury Duty on bookmakers' licences and entry certificates would best meet the case for raising revenue from racing.

Coming events . . .

The world oil combines have once more administered a sudden dab in the eye to motorists by advancing the price of petrol 2½d. a gallon.

We "told you so" a month and more ago, when Sir John Cadman, head of the Anglo-Persian Company, came back from his mystery conversations with U.S. oil magnates.

"If you see it . . ." You know the rest, don't you?

"Perks"

Excluding Indian, Dominions Office and Colonial Office distinctions, the Honours List contains 269 awards.

Of these just over 150 go to persons in Government employ.

If you read the article on our two centre pages this week, the reason for this lavish distribution to public servants will grow more understandable.

Howe now

The new Lord Howe, better known as Viscount Curzon, seems to have been swallowed up in the placid waters of the House of Lords without even disturbing a ripple on the surface.

Lord Howe

In his House of Commons days, he led the hectic life of a Government Whip. He was also a racing motorist—and he often did a bit of racing on unauthorised main roads which led to frequent appearances in police-courts for speeding.

As the son of a deceased peer, he has now paid the greater penalty of being sent to the House of Lords.

On his first appearance there, the noble lords were discussing some hare-brained scheme for stopping speeding motorists by digging trenches at cross-roads. Lord Howe quietly faded away and has not been seen there since!

He's off

Just back from America, Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, is off again; this time to the Continent to call upon M. Moreau, the Governor of the Bank of France, and Dr. Schacht, the President of the German Reichsbank.

Mr. Norman's American visit led to the immediate rising of the British Bank rate to the highest level for years.

If Mr. Norman wants to travel, we suggest he makes a tour of the great coal, iron and cotton areas.

He could there observe the evil effects of his high Bank Rate policy, and might be persuaded in consequence to consider British trade instead of American and Continental convenience.

Peel and ginger

A famous Sir Robert Peel founded our police. To-day another Sir Robert Peel, his descendant, conducts a jazz-band.

The members come from his Staffordshire estate. Half the profits go to swell the miners' funds.

Our present Sir Robert may not win the immortality of his predecessor, but he still maintains a family tradition of being of some use to somebody.

Ultra risky

Danger exists in the various violet-ray and artificial sunlight apparatus now on sale for private use at comparatively cheap rates.

These may be beneficial or the very reverse. Never use one without consulting a doctor as to whether it is advisable.

Money for jam

Three million pounds have been paid in beet sugar subsidies this year.

We happen to know that the Cabinet is becoming uneasy about this expenditure.

It leads nowhere—except into private pockets, and those not the farmers'!

Paying £10 twice

The more one looks into the scheme to subsidise the new National Flying Services, Ltd., the more curious it becomes.

For example, the £10 subsidy for each pilot who qualifies is payable over again if the pilot re-qualifies. That makes it easy for the company to get the subsidy every year for each pilot.

All they will have to do will be to see that his certificate lapses and is renewed every year. There are many other features of this amazing ramp which Sir Samuel Hoare, the Air Minister, will find it hard to explain even to a somnolent House of Commons.

Tempers rising!

The relations between the Liberal and Labour Whips are more and more strained. It began last year when Mr. Lloyd George said he had seen Labour and Conservative Whips behind the Speaker's chair, making arrangements to defeat the Liberals' right to debate.

Angry letters followed, which, if they had seen the light of day, would have made piquant reading.

And now the "Daily Herald" has charged Sir Robert Hutchison, the Chief Liberal Whip, with making a pact with Conservatives in his division. Sir Robert has issued an indignant denial.

The fact is that there will be three-cornered fights in at least four hundred constituencies, and the battles will be more like dog-fights than anything staged in political history before.

Misunderstood

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald seems fated to be misunderstood, even by those who work with him.

The late Lord Haldane, who was Lord Chancellor in the Labour Government, has recorded several curious impressions of the ex-Premier in his autobiography, and Mr. MacDonald has been pained and angered at having to explain these things away.

Miss Rosa Rosenberg

The suggestion that the Labour Premier spent too much time at "Chequers" will not impress anybody.

Miss Rosa Rosenberg, who is Mr. MacDonald's private secretary, could unfold a very different story about those week-ends at "Chequers" and the work done there. She broke all political typing records.

Foul forecastles

The Ministry of Health and the Board of Trade are conducting a close inquiry into the living conditions of sailors on British ships. They have already made disquieting discoveries.

Some of these explain the high death-rate from consumption among sailors, who ought to be as immune as agricultural labourers from this scourge. Some of the feeding arrangements, too, have been found to be atrocious.

* * *

Floating hells and weevilly biscuits may have been unavoidable in the eighteenth century. Shipowners, large or small, who think such things are good enough to-day want a taste of prison.

A sight for sore eyes

This week you will notice "something different" about every page of John Bull.

Once again we lead the way in weekly journalism by setting a new standard of good printing.

At very heavy expense a new type has been adopted in every one of our editorial columns. It is the clearest and most easily read type in the world. Reading it places the least possible strain on your eyesight.

Try for yourself and see how clearly and boldly each single letter stands out.

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Select asses

A Select Committee of the House of Lords cannot see that "any useful purpose will be served" by proceeding with Lord Gorell's Bill to kill bogus auctions.

Lord Gorell himself told our readers of the scandals his Bill was aimed against, and how it would suppress them.

So you will agree with us that "no useful purpose is served" by continuing to allow Select Committees of the House of Lords to make supreme asses of themselves.

Pretty mean

Mrs. Hibbert, a member of the Ashton (Manchester) Board of Guardians, has no time for sentiment. At a meeting of the Board a request was made that the Guardians should pay a proportion of the funeral expenses of a penniless ex-soldier.

Mrs. Hibbert said that the British Legion, who were paying their share, were a wealthy concern and the Guardians should not be run into any expense.

The Guardians have postponed their decision pending inquiries, but whatever the outcome, Mrs. Hibbert's attitude is not one of which Manchester people will be proud.

Sewer rivers

The problem of sewage purification on the Clyde has become so serious that the Glasgow Corporation, whose Lord Provost you see here, has sent a protest to the Minister of Health.

Sir D. Mason

The trouble is that certain local authorities in that area have refused to deal with the problem. The Minister will shortly send a reply to the Corporation, but we imagine it will give them little satisfaction.

The Clyde is not the only river that suffers from this neglect There is the Ouse. The River Lea also, in the north-east of London, is frequently befouled by sewage from up the river. Protests were made to the Ministry of Health years ago. The trouble persists and exacts its annual toll of disease.

Gifts and gush

Apart from providing "talkie" film entertainments, the political parties are busy in some districts handing out "free gifts" to the electorate

The Tories are giving away blotters; the Liberals mirrors and combs.

Readers who have received these tokens inform us that the only "gift" they want is a Government strong enough to comb out the tangled strings of State and blot out present evils.

Dora's little sister

When, as they probably will be, many of the irritating D.O.R.A. restrictions are swept away, a thought might be given to that futile little licensing clause whereby a child under fourteen years of age may be served with a pint of beer but not with half a pint to take home to father.

Either such children should not be served at all, or there should not be that restriction.

The Dudley magistrates, we notice, have recently refused to convict in several such cases. And quite right!

The never-never 'change

The retirement of Mr. Satterthwaite, the Secretary of the London Stock Exchange, at the age of seventy-two and after excellent service, should give an opportunity to some young man with more modern ideas than those of the present antiquated committee.

Col. Satterthwaite

The latter has just refused permission to a number of members to open branch offices in the West-End of London because it considers such a development suggestive of advertising.

Their views in this respect are about up to date. with the Battle of Waterloo.

Where there's a Wills—

It is to be hoped that now Mr. J. J. Wills has been installed as the new Comptroller of the Companies Department of the Board of Trade, he will enforce adherence to the Company Laws.

The apathy of his department has become a crying scandal.

Every unscrupulous company promoter in London knows that he can flout the Board of Trade regulations at will and that he will never be called upon to pay the heavy fines for which he is liable.

Bring the defaulting companies to heel, Mr. Wills, and you will earn the gratitude of thousands of small investors.

Three bobs' worth!

Walter Greenhalgh, of Lea Gate Lane, Harwood, Bolton, found a novel method of destroying dumb animals.

He adopted the simple expedient of putting on his clogs, laying a miserable cat on the ground, and jumping on it until it was dead.

Greenhalgh told the Bench that someone gave him a shilling to destroy the cat, and he was ordered to pay the costs of four shillings.

Such a sympathetic Bench ought to have paid the net loss of three shillings out of their own pocket.

Counsel to consuls

What are our Consuls abroad doing to help the sale of British goods? The experience of leaders of industry shows that business representatives can expect little or no assistance from them.

Many of them encourage competitors by using foreign articles in preference to British ones. They refuse to put themselves out to obtain information.

All the time the American and German Consuls are working to assist the industries of their countries, while ours prefer to pose as gentlemen. They must get to work, if British business is to advance.

Jazz profanity

Some sheer blasphemy is being sold on gramophone records in the form of certain American "jazz" songs.

The defence is that they are "spirituals." So they were in their original form.

But they were not intended to be danced to, and "Hallelujah," "Jesus," "the Lord" are not words to be heard as records at parties or gabbled by members of jazz bands in night-clubs.

Is your doctor mad?

Anything less reassuring or more foolish than the General Medical Council's statement on the restoration to the register of Colonel Rutherford would be difficult to find.

His name, it appears, was not erased because he shot Major Seton and was incarcerated in Broadmoor. It was erased because, when in Broadmoor, he failed to communicate with the medical authorities.

"The insanity of a doctor is no concern of the General Medical Council," explained an official. "There may be scores of lunatic doctors on our register, but we take no action whatever!"

Does the Council exist to protect the public or the medical profession? Surely it should protect both."

Brains forward

Lead poisoning is growing alarmingly prevalent in the accumulator-making industry.

The invention of an automatic machine to paste accumulator plates with lead would halve the number of deaths from this cause immediately.

Here's the chance for an inventor to combine humanity with a fortune for himself—because manufacturers are crying out for such a machine in vain.

Wonderful

Wonderful invention, the gramophone! It is now possible to buy records (at 4s. 6d. a time) recording the noises of Leicester Square.

"The horrors of street noises are well reproduced," runs the official description — "hooting motor-cars, clattering lorries, roaring motor-cycles, etc."

We can open our office-window and get it all for nothing.

More clubs to clean up

There are throughout the country to-day some ex-Servicemen's clubs that are a disgrace to that title.

Nothing more nor less than dens of drink and idleness, they are the haunt of some of the riff-raff of the towns in which they are situated.

The premises themselves are dirty and neglected, and the membership barely justifies their existence.

Clubs for ex-soldiers were founded for the purpose of perpetuating that fine spirit of comradeship that was one of the few redeeming features of the war.

That they should be so degraded is, we feel, a matter that the British Legion should investigate without delay.

"You can't get blood . . ."

The Debtors Act of 1869 is sadly in need of amendment in the sense that it leaves it to the creditor to prove that the debtor has had the means of satisfying the judgment debt since the date of judgment.

All over the country debtors are being dragged to court when it is obvious that they cannot pay, and we cannot but admire the action of Judge Bradley at the Blackpool County Court in criticising those guilty of bringing them to court unnecessarily.

Vision without sight

Captain Ian Fraser, the blind M.P., who always impresses the House of Commons so much with his speeches, is trying to get an increase in the scale of salaries paid to blinded soldiers who are engaged as telephonists in Government departments.

Capt. Fraser, M.P.

The subject is now under review by a committee of the National Whitley Council, and whatever recommendation is made will be accepted by the Treasury. It is to be hoped that justice will be done to these men.

Captain Fraser is a remarkable example of a courageous man's ability to triumph over physical affliction. He enjoys life thoroughly, and he told some of the pessimists in the House recently to cultivate a smile!

A famous eyesore

Windsor residents are rightly indignant at the dilapidated condition of the famous New Inn, the scene, in years gone by, of wonderful annual dinners attended by Royalty.

With every gale pieces of this historic building come tumbling down, and standing, as it does, in a prominent position backing on to the Castle, it is an eyesore, and makes a bad impression on visitors.

The Borough Council is helpless to act in the matter as the inn is Crown property, and the sanction of the Crown must be given before it can be pulled down.

We are certain that Royalty itself is not to blame for the apathy in this matter.

No connection

In our recent article "The Alien Menace of London's Night Life" we referred to two foreigners named Cavalli, who at one time ran a disreputable night club.

We have been asked to state, and gladly do so, that Mr. Giuseppe Cavalli, who for many years past has held responsible posts in the catering business, had no connection whatsoever with the two men in question.

"The flat" and the flats

Now is the time when fleecing members of the bookmaking fraternity are flooding the country with very attractive lists of prices on the Grand National and the Lincolnshire Handicap; and small bettors are being assailed with circular letters that "tell the tale" in fine style.

Big prices are an attraction, but they are, more often than not, merely bait and, paradoxically, if you win you'll probably lose!

We issue a word of warning! Ignore those circulars and the beguiling lists of prices.

Brazen bet bilking

As a breeder of bloodstock, Miss Leaf Hawkridge, of Westwood House, North Dalton, Driffield, ought to know that if she cannot afford to lose she ought not to bet.

Her betting transactions have frequently amounted to £2 or £3 a day, and when she has won her profits have been considerable.

On the other hand, we know of several turf accountants who regret their dealings with her. To one man, from whom she won £50, she owes about £40 on a subsequent bet.

Turf accountants should beware.

A misnomer

Mr. A. Fortune, of "Hazledene," Forthbridge Road, London, S.W., is willing to guarantee that, within eight weeks, he will win you a first prize in "Bullets" or some other competition.

The prize will be £250, and all it will cost you will be ten shillings down and 25 per cent. of your winnings!

We happen to know that Mr. Fortune is none other than one Geoffrey R. Pardoe, who made a similar ridiculous offer through the post when operating from "Bide a Wee," Battle, Sussex.

Competitors would obviously be wise to avoid this double-named bluffer.

A slave-driver

If Robert Saunders, a 'bus driver, of Stainforth, near Doncaster, preferred the "dole" to a job, we would not blame him.

When employed by Mrs. Doris Jackson, he worked, in a single week, 79 hours and 25 minutes, all for a wage of £2! On one occasion, after he had been driving for nearly sixteen hours, he was actually told to carry on and make another journey.

Surely it is possible for the Doncaster Corporation, which itself observes trade union conditions in its own 'bus service, to take some action to obviate this slave-driving.

A human pig-sty

That a man should live and die in a room of such squalor and filth that when the doctor called he was forced to beat a hasty retreat is far from being a credit to the health authorities of Samlesbury, near Blackburn.

For ten years Thomas Longworth lived an amazing life with his brother and sister at 4, St. James's Terrace. Most of his time was spent in bed where he lay wallowing in filth.

Are the authorities so busy seeing that farmers keep their cowsheds clean that they have no time to look for human pig-stys nearer home?

ANOTHER LITTLE LICENCE

Won't do us any harm!

"A 2s. licence to consume beer . . . and no more irritating restrictions . . ." says Sir Wyndham

by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

I COUNT myself the ordinary average law-abiding citizen ready to accept, in default of any adequate means of protesting, the various restrictions imposed upon me by a benign legislature.

But there are times when I rebel and wonder whether it is better to break the law or break the legislature!

The other day I had cause "furiously to think." I rather like Australian Burgundy, and thereby hangs a tale. I was proceeding by car from London to Hertfordshire and, on reaching a certain suburb of London, I saw a shop where I could purchase some Australian Burgundy.

The time was ten minutes to five. I walked in and the assistant informed me that he was very sorry that he could not supply it until five o'clock! As I knew I should pass through another suburb, so I pursued my journey, reaching that other suburb at about 5.20. I renewed my request, but the assistant informed me that he was very sorry that he could not serve me until 5.30.

As I had to pass through yet another suburb I again pursued my journey, but when I reached that other suburb at about a quarter to six, the assistant informed me that he could not serve me before 6 o'clock!

We're not all drunkards!

SO I went home minus my burgundy and "fed up" with the law. And the episode set me thinking.

The laws in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors fill volumes, and also the pockets of the legal profession who argue upon them. But they leave the John Citizen in a particularly unenviable position.

It appears to me that the liquor laws, in their inception, were devised as a method of obtaining revenue, and that was their sole object.

The Sale of Beer Act, 1795, contains no suggestion, so far as I can read it, that the legislature of those days took a fatherly interest in the great problems of temperance.

To-day, however, our liquor laws appear to me to be designed very largely for the purpose of restricting John Citizen in the consumption of his liquor to what he might exceed.

How very few members of the population are inebriates, and therefore the great mass of the public have to suffer irritating restrictions in order to prevent inebriates having a freer licence to get drunk. That seems to me to be very wrong.

I am aware that the great problem of temperance reform has been a burning question for many years, if not for generations. I fully realise the misery and the crime which follow upon drunkenness.

I know the poverty and distress which surround the home of the drunkard, and a man would be performing disservice to his country if he permitted himself in any way to hamper the activities of those persons who make temperance reform their life work.

I have very great respect for a teetotaller, but I have equally great respect for the moderate drinker.

Now, many broad-minded teetotallers, although they do not drink themselves, see no objection in furnishing a guest with liquor.

There is, however, the bigoted type of teetotaller who rams his theories down everybody's throat and would not hesitate to watch his child die for the want of a spoonful of brandy prescribed by his doctor!

Licences unlimited

IN the past sincere efforts were made to deal with drunkards, and the method of the black-list was attempted, but it was, as everybody anticipated it would be, a complete failure. The machinery was too cumbrous, although the measure was a step in the right direction.

As I say, the episode of the Australian Burgundy set me thinking, and it occurred to me, Why should not the thousands of well-behaved citizens have a "drinking licence"?

After all, nowadays one seems to want a licence for everything. For example, I have a licence to keep a dog; a licence to keep a car; a licence to drive a car; a licence to keep a man-servant; a licence to keep a gun and shoot game; a licence to possess a small bore rifle to shoot rats; a licence to proceed out of the country (otherwise a passport); a licence to keep a wireless set; a licence to have my crest engraved on a spoon.

When I go to my solicitor he is licensed to give me advice. When I got married I had to have a licence to do so. I shall require a licence to be buried, but I am not sure what happens when you are born. I was too young to appreciate or remember, though I suppose that my birth was registered on a certain day and, after all, that is pretty near a licence. I expect there are lots more licences which I cannot think of.

Now the form of licence which attracted me most in connection with my idea was my motor-driving licence, which I am required by law to carry on me. Why not a drinking licence?

I would issue to every citizen who desired it, and who had not been convicted of drunkenness, a licence which would permit him to enter any premises where intoxicating liquor was sold at any hour during which those premises happened to be open, and to obtain what he required.

The licence would take the form of a motor-driving licence and would contain a small photograph such as is inserted in a passport.

I would require all premises where intoxicating liquor is sold to remain open for certain stated periods as matter of obligation and law.

I would permit the proprietors, however, to keep their premises open as long as it suited their convenience and their business, for the sale of intoxicating liquor to licence-holders only. Let us take two illustrations of how the system would work.

First of all, the public-house. The normal closing hour at night, let us say, is 10.30. If it suited the proprietor to keep his house open until 11 o'clock, let him do so.

No more Goddard cases

AT 10.30 all those persons who are not licence-holders must go. Those with licences could remain and consume their beer at their leisure.

Let us take a second example. The great London hotels which cater for the amusement of the public and provide accommodation for suppers and dancing, the club, or the "night-club," would no longer require to plead for an extension of hours on special occasions. They could keep open as long as they liked "for licence-holders only"!

There would be no obligation on any man to secure a licence. If he did not he would remain, in so far as the law is concerned, under present conditions. I would make the licence a source of revenue for the State and make the following charges:—

(A) 2s. for a licence to consume beer, cyder, stout, etc.

(B) 5s. to include alcoholic drinks, such as whisky, brandy, gin, etc.

(C) 10s. to include champagne, claret, port and all wines.

What a contrast there would be. There would be no more Goddard cases in future. No more bribery. No more irritating restrictions, and the power would no longer rest with an arbitrary authority to refuse perfectly respectable establishments an extension of time in order to have an evening's enjoyment.

It may be suggested that my proposal would cause an increase of drink. I believe that people would drink the same amount, but at their leisure, instead of being forced hastily to gulp the remains of a glass of champagne or a pot of beer before "rapping-out time."

A problem

LET us turn to the other side of the picture.

A licence would be forfeited, suspended or endorsed in the same way as a motor-car licence is dealt with if an offence of drunkenness were committed. When the offender lost his licence he would be in the same position as John Citizen is to-day, and serve him right.

Revenue is a necessity and the tax on liquor at the moment is almost unbearable. The revenue on licences should be devoted to relieving, firstly, the tax on beer, and, secondly, the tax on other alcoholic liquors. I suggest that by this means the problem would be solved.

That is to say, that ordinary respectable, moderate-drinking citizens would be able to get their liquor when they want it, to consume it at their leisure, and I should have no more futile journeys in search of Australian Burgundy!

C A N D I D C O M M U N I C A T I O N S

"L.G.'s" KILL-DOLE PROMISES

Honour where Due—Feet of Clay?—A Prince of Censors—Richest City's Refuse

The Right Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
Churt, Surrey

DEAR SIR,—You told four hundred of your five hundred election candidates that, if the nation returns a Liberal Government to power in the next House of Commons, you could cure unemployment in a year by means of road making, marsh draining, stimulating rural industries, and many other wonderful projects.

Moreover, all these works would not add a penny to national or local taxation.

I am ashamed that a politician of your experience should produce such threadbare "window dressing" as an election bait.

It proves how desperate and how hopeless the Liberal plight really must be, when you promise in twelve months what you know could not be done in a hundred and twelve.

However, very few constituencies will be misguided enough to buy a pig in a poke—even from a Welsh wizard.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FRANCIS HUMPHRYS,
Peshawar, India

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—Now that your dangerous vigil in Afghanistan is ended, and you are safe on British soil, allow me to congratulate you on the splendid gallantry with which you kept our flag flying over the Legation at Kabul.

Your courage and energy saved the lives of the whole European colony.

You have raised our prestige and honour throughout the East, and earned the gratitude of your fellow countrymen and of the German nation whose womenfolk you rescued.—JOHN BULL.

Colonel CHARLES LINDBERGH,
Mexico City

MY DEAR COLONEL,—I happen to know that you are at present torn with uncertainty as to whether on your imminent marriage to charming Miss Morrow, you should or should not give up flying.

Though you are not one of my flock, I admire you and wish you well, and suggest your clear course is to devote yourself in future to pursuits more suitable for matrimonial responsibilities.

All your flying friends, knowing how often you have flouted death, will understand. Your recent little accident on landing lends force to this advice.

All the best to you, anyway.—JOHN BULL.

JUDGE JARVIE,
Kilsyth, Stirlingshire

DEAR JUDGE,—Well done! I applaud your stand against the Bumbles of your local Parish Council, who decreed that only one wreath might be placed on the cemetery graves.

A young widow, who brought a wreath for her man's grave, was compelled to carry it home again; while the friends of a dead boy may not erect a tablet on his last resting-place, because there is already a wreath there.

Rouse public opinion against this stony-hearted ban so high that the parish councillors who made it are swept away and forgotten at the next local election.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES CAMERON ISLES,
Pleasant Kennels, Lytham

DEAR SIR,—You may be a breeder of dogs, but you also breed the contempt of every decent man and woman.

When your kennels were visited neither food nor water for the thirteen dogs was found. They were in a terribly neglected state.

One was imprisoned in a kennel only two inches longer than its body and was unable to turn round; another had gnawed a hole in its box to obtain the light and air you denied it, while a third wretched creature was a mass of sores from head to tail.

And you escaped with a fine of 5s.! You can regard as your real punishment the contempt of my million readers.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM MORRIS, Bart.,
Cowley, Oxford.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I am delighted to greet you thus. The baronetcy conferred on you is among the few honestly-earned distinctions in the new Honours List.

By ceaseless hard work, inspired by vision and worthy ambition, you have built up the greatest motor manufacturing concern in Britain, and thus you have done more to relieve unemployment and reawaken prosperity than any other single one of your fellow-countrymen.

I wish I could have addressed you as "Lord Morris of Cowley."

JOHN BULL.

BENITO MUSSOLINI,
Dictator, Rome

DEAR BENITO,—Bananas are "off" in Italy, according to your latest ban, because they grow neither in Italy nor her colonies.

Take my advice, old fellow, and make a thorough job of the thing. Ban everything that is not one hundred per cent. Italian—including Brazil nuts, monkeys for organs, furs for women, coal for industry, and cinema films for everyone.

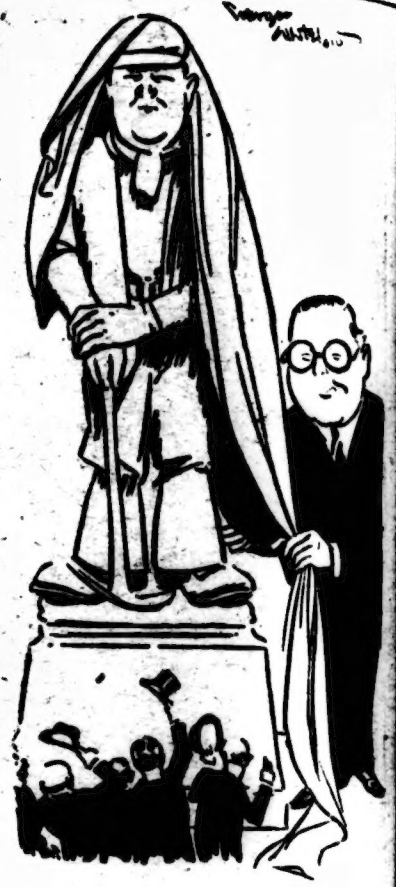
And then perhaps your fellow countrymen will tie you up in macaroni and give a fillip to the export trade.—JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES RAFTER,
Chief Constable, Birmingham

DEAR CHARLES,—Not to be outdone as an uncompromising killjoy by mere "Jix," you have tightened up Birmingham's already notoriously severe theatrical censorship.

In future your principal Nosey Parker, Inspector May, will immediately institute proceedings if the plays or music-hall turns of Birmingham offend his delicate mind. In the past he sent a friendly hint before taking action.

I suppose it all makes you more important, and you never were one to care for ribald laughter behind your back, were you?—JOHN BULL.



The Rt. Hon. J. C. C. DAVIDSON,
Unionist Central Offices, Westminster

DEAR SIR,—I must not withhold my praise for your astute move in proposing the election of Mr. Gwilym Rowlands, who has thus become chairman of the Council of the National Union of Conservative Associations.

Gwilym was once a pit-boy, and is still, technically, an "out-of-work miner from Rhondda Valley."

How opportune to have discovered such a man in the year of a General Election. For it proves, does it not, that there is still one miner left who has not been sickened by the politicians' muddling of the coal problem!

But, candidly, I don't think Gwilym will cut any ice as an Election attraction. A job of work for his fellow-miners would be much more effective.—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER,
And all others whom it may concern

GENTLEMEN,—The Ministry of Health is to issue a White Paper concerning refuse disposal. Buy some copies and read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them.

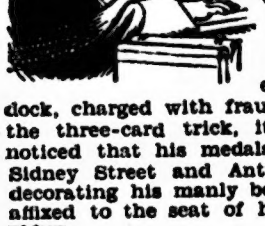
In the richest city of the world, so poorly organised is refuse-collection that open dust-carts are in the streets—all through the forenoon, spreading disease and dirt everywhere.

Other cities carry out the service by night. Learn to imitate their excellent example.—JOHN BULL.

The Sentence of the Court

WONDERFUL WINNIE the POOH

A bad boy and his horrid record



WHEN Winston Churchill entered the dock, charged with fraud by means of the three-card trick, it was at once noticed that his medals for valour at Sidney Street and Antwerp were not decorating his manly bosom, but were affixed to the seat of his unmentionables.

This change, it transpired, had been effected to conceal imprints left on his nether garments by the boots of Tory back-benchers.

"Nobody who has followed the public career of the accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "need be told that he is well equipped with the impudence needed for working the three-card trick.

"Time after time he has invited us to 'spot' the ace of economy, but always he has shuffled the cards so as to disappoint taxpayers and delight bureaucratic barnacles.

"That he has again been behaving in Whitehall in a way familiar on Epsom Downs is shown by the Estimates for the current financial year.

"So anybody hoping that, at long last, this 'promising' politician may redeem his pledge to reduce expenditure by £10,000,000 had better take out an insurance policy against the coming 'frost.'

"Far from revealing a reduction, this year's Budget is likely to exceed last year's, and were it not that £3,500,000 is being automatically saved on war pensions, the prisoner would now probably be considering the question of taxing bone collar-studs."

* * *

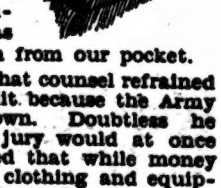
Mr. Strawsplitter said that once again the enemies of his client were making the worst of a bad case.

"They had howled about an increase of £13,000,000 in the Civil Estimates, but nearly the whole of this represented grants in connection with derating, the actual increase amounting only to the very modest sum of £108,563."

* * *

"What leaves me gasping," said Mr. Justice Bull, "is that the counsel seems to think that his squandering boy is entitled to an acquittal because the Civil Estimates have risen 'only by the very modest sum of £108,563,' although we were solemnly promised a saving of £10,000,000.

"In effect, we are being asked to award three cheers to a confidence trickster who, having offered to present us with a ten-pound note, has stolen half-a-crown from our pocket.



"I noticed, too, that counsel refrained from claiming credit because the Army Estimates are down. Doubtless he realised that the jury would at once have been informed that while money is being saved on clothing and equipment, War Office barnacles, with 3,000 fewer troops to look after, are to receive £8,000 more!

"For the umpteenth time, the prisoner, having promised us an axe, has sold us a pup, and as the convictions against him are now almost as numerous as the political 'convictions' he has at various times professed, this seems to be a case in which the ordinary penal machinery is of no avail.

"I therefore propose postponing sentence and making representations with the object of having the prisoner appointed President of the Royal Academy, Grand High Cockalorum of the Bricklayers' Union, Commander-in-Chief of the British Fascisti and Admiral of the Serpentine Fleet, on condition that he at once relinquishes office.

"If he can be induced to accept these appointments at a salary of (say) £20,000 the taxpayers will have made an excellent bargain."

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT: "A shilling a week wasted by a million poor is more harmful to the community than the squandering of a hundred thousand by ten millionaires."

That is preaching class economics with a vengeance.

* * *

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS: "I never understand what a super-man is unless he is a Prime Minister."

And heaven preserve us from a Prime Minister who is a super-man!

* * *

JUDGE CRAWFORD: "It is a rare thing nowadays to find anyone liking his work."

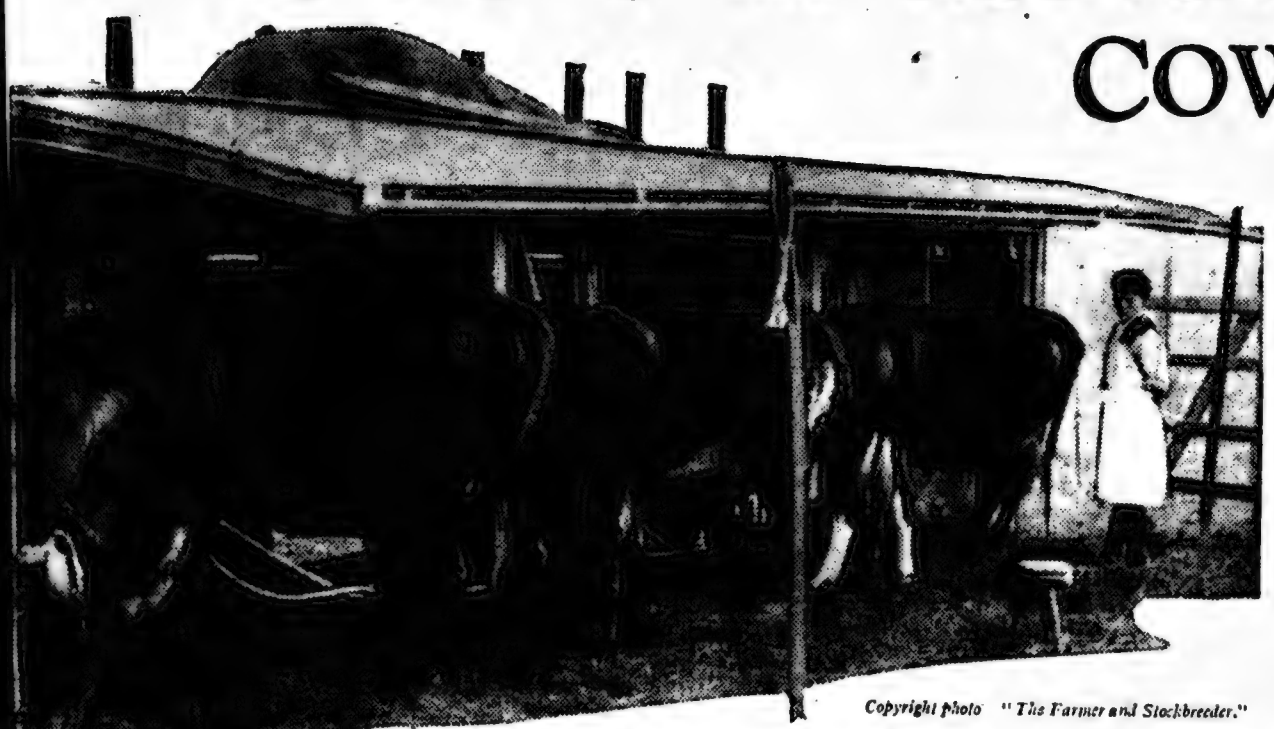
Worse, it is becoming more rare to find anyone with sufficient work to like.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS: "It is essential to maintain the standard of living of the British working man."

And to refrain from legislation calculated to bring it down.

Mystery of the MOVING COWSHED



Copyright photo "The Farmer and Stockbreeder."

The milking system proposed by Rankin Dairy Farms, Ltd., was ideal. The same cannot be said of the Company's finances!

WE here reveal the inside secret of an ambitious scheme that has for its central theme a peaceful farm nestling in the Sussex hills, controlled by a concern known as Rankin Dairy Farms, Ltd.

The company, which was formed as recently as in October last, with a nominal capital of £50,000, came into existence for the purpose of acquiring a farm at Findon, near Worthing.

The farm was to deal in milk and produce under the most modern and hygienic conditions.

One feature was an up-to-date milking system employing portable milking stalls so that cows could be milked in the fields. Great importance was laid on this mobile cowshed.

The sum of £10,000 a year, for example, was the estimated profit from dairy cattle alone.

The exceptionally wordy prospectus that was issued to the public was remarkable for several glaring misstatements.

Although an independent valuation report of the farm to be acquired was not given, as is customary in such cases, intending investors could not fail to be attracted by the impressive statement that the directors and certain employees had undertaken to subscribe between them at least £1,000 of the £50,000 required capital. This, linked with the fact that a director's qualification was the holding of shares to the value of £3,000, naturally imparted to intending investors a feeling of confidence, for what director would sink such a sum in a concern that was not safe and sound?

Tissue of lies

Believing these statements to be true, members of the public put up £3,500.

But we have discovered that the material part of the prospectus relating to the directors' generous gesture in taking up so many shares with their own money was nothing but a tissue of lies.

Three of the four directors—Hubert Charles Rhys Rankin, William Herbert Holden and William Tudor-Williams—have, indeed, not even taken up their qualification shares of £1,000, and therefore had no legal right to sit upon the board or to deal with the finance which was forthcoming from a misled public.

Now, Rankin Dairy Farms, Ltd., was formed expressly to take over the farms at Findon from another concern at a purchase price of £12,000.

Will it be believed that the shareholders of this original company, which was merely a £100 affair, were actually the three directors named above?

After the £13,500 had been collected from the public through the medium of the Rankin Dairy Farms prospectus, these directors—unqualified as they were—paid the vendor company (in other words, themselves!) the £12,000 in accordance with the purchase agreement!

Irregular procedure

This left only about £1,000 for working expenses. As £20,000 was stated in the prospectus to be the amount needed for this purpose the concern surely had no justification to go to allotment?

The fourth director of the company, who is also the manager, Mr. H. G. Smith Rewse, in a recent statement concerning the present remarkable position, complains bitterly of the actions of his three colleagues, who have now handed in their resignations.

W. Tudor-Williams, an adventurer with many aliases.

Among other things, he contends that they "appropriated" £12,000 against the purchase price in the sale agreement, and, apart from referring to money they owe to the company, he also directs attention to shares which were allotted for "considerations" which appear to be non-existent.

Of Messrs. Rankin and Holden we know nothing, but of the gentleman who passed as "William Tudor-Williams, dairyman," we have discovered a good deal.

He disappeared from the Lincoln's Inn office one day, after calmly drawing and cashing a cheque for £3,000 drawn on the firm's bankers. In this respect alone the shareholders should demand an explanation.

We do not anticipate that the shareholders will receive much satisfaction from Mr. Tudor-Williams, as he happens to be an undischarged bankrupt who, in the alias of "R. Sinclair," obtained a motor-car by means of a dishonoured cheque a few months ago. He was arrested, but absconded while on bail.

In hiding

How he ever came to be accepted as a director of this concern is a first-class mystery, for, at the time he was sitting on the board, he was actually in hiding from the police!

Nor is that all. Mr. Tudor-Williams is an adventurer who, in various aliases, has perpetrated swindle after swindle during the past few years.

One was a stock-and-share ramp, through which he obtained £10,000 from the public by fraud; another was a bogus insurance concern which also made him the richer by thousands.

Passing "dud" cheques and worthless bills of exchange, obtaining goods by means of bogus orders, and living generally by his wits, he enjoys a life of comfort and ease.

No pains should be spared, therefore, to bring him to book. At the same time, the affairs of this remarkable dairy company should be thoroughly examined on behalf of the shareholders.

A MAC *on the* MAKE

Hotel Hoaxer Exposed

HANDSOMELY attired and smoking a fat cigar, a gentleman calling himself Mr. Alexander Gordon McGregor recently stepped out of a taxi and called upon a retired master mariner residing in Belsize Square, Hampstead, London, N.W.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Bessborough, C.M.G., President of the Hotels and Restaurants Association, which should blacklist McGregor

Introducing himself as the London manager of a prominent firm he confided that he was seeking apartments for a Glasgow gentleman and his wife.

The Scotsman, he explained, was being transferred to London to take over his (McGregor's) duties, as he himself was shortly being shifted to the Continent.

While imparting this information, McGregor was busily engaged with the ten-year-old son of his host in a game of tin soldiers.

He taught him how to storm the fort and how to fire a field gun, casually mentioning that he had been a captain in the Army and had served in both France and India.

It may have been an accident that his visit coincided with the luncheon hour, but, at any rate, so pleasant did he make himself that he was invited to stay and partake of a meal.

In course of further conversation he spoke airily of his fat salary, and imparted the information that he was able to make large sums of money through turf transactions, thanks to the "inside information" given him regularly by a friend for whom he had once been able to do a good turn.

* * *

To be perfectly candid, he said, the large house in which he now lived had been paid for out of his winnings, and, in proof of how the money flowed in, he exhibited a cheque for a considerable amount, which, he said, he had received only that morning.

So convincing was he that his host and hostess entrusted to him a sum of money with which to speculate.

McGregor formally engaged rooms for his Scottish friend, but paid no deposit. Instead, he escorted his host's wife to the railway station, where he left her.

That was the last they saw of Alexander Gordon McGregor!

* * *

But so audacious is this suave twister that we find, on further investigations, that a week previously he actually practised a similar swindle within a stone's throw of the very house where the above episode occurred.

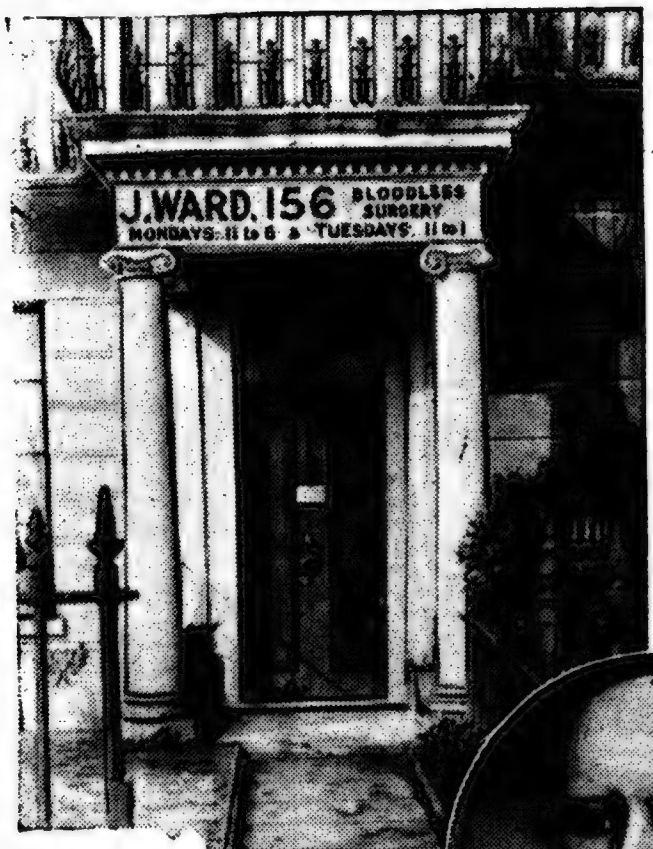
He told the same story, engaged rooms in the same way, and succeeded in relieving the good lady of the house of a substantial amount of money.

The London firm which McGregor claimed to represent has never employed him in any capacity, though it has received many enquiries. An address and telephone number at Harrow-on-the-Hill which he sometimes gives are non-existent.

McGregor is tall, slightly-built, well-spoken and always neatly dressed. He has a prominent mole on his neck and a dropped eyelid. Hotel and boarding-house proprietors should be wary.

Working OVERTIME on MIRACLES!

A nerve specialist with too much!



The London surgery of this remarkable specialist

J. Ward boasts no degrees, but he claims 50,000 cures

MR. JOHN WARD, of Heaton Moor Road, Stockport, near Manchester, claims that he is the man "who would and could cure the King."

And, while we are certain that His Majesty's advisers are not likely to be impressed by the extravagant claim of this self-styled "heart, nerve and spine specialist," we are equally convinced that our readers should hear something about him.

Apart from his enterprise at Manchester, Ward is also in "practice" at a "surgery" in Harrow Road, Paddington, London.

In one of his "splash" advertisements in the columns of a suburban London newspaper he once claimed that he had either "the world's greatest gift of healing" or he was "the greatest impostor." He thoughtfully announced that the public was left to judge.

It is a healing system that is all-powerful. It will cure 90 per cent. of human ills and ailments, and will succeed where doctors fail.

He is, he avers, the only man who has a cure for neuritis, rheumatism, gastritis, heart and spinal trouble, blindness, blood pressure and a variety of afflictions ranging from water on the knee to infantile paralysis.

Cancer impossible!

It is to be noted, however, that he does not assert that he has a cure for that greatest of all human ills—cancer; but he does go so far as to claim that, after a course of his treatment, cancer is impossible!

Mr. Ward, who has been operating for many years now, claims that he is the possessor of an amazing gift of magnetism that has been passed from father to son.

Mr. Ward stated in January of this year that he has now cured 50,000 people of practically every disease known to mankind in all parts of the country.

In 1926 he was claiming that he had cured 30,000.

Thus, in the brief period of three years, this "specialist" has worked 20,000 of his miracles—over 6,000 a year, or something like 18 a day!

Truly, this man of magnetism must be an industrious person, and also a very rich one, for his fee for treatment is often as much as eleven guineas.

With a few more "specialists" working at the pace of Mr. Ward it would not be long before we had a perfect race!

A "cure" investigated

Mr. Ward asserts that he is superior to all doctors and specialists, and invites the medical profession to expose him if he is an impostor.

But he does not profess to be a qualified doctor or surgeon, his activities are not in any respect the business of the Medical Council.

Moreover, the Medical Act of 1858 provides only for legal action to be taken in cases where bogus titles or degrees are used.

Mr. Ward is, to say the least, hardly discriminating in the cases he quotes in his newspaper advertisements.

For example, we will deal with what he describes in bold type as "the greatest cure known of infantile paralysis and undeveloped brain."

This relates to a little girl of seven living with her parents in Hornsey Park Road, London, N.

Sir H. F. Waterhouse, President of the Medical Defence Union, will doubtless be amazed at Ward's claims

Inflicted with infantile paralysis, she has been under the care of well-known doctors since she was a very few months old.

Money thrown away

Four pictures of this poor infant appear in a West London paper within the space occupied by Ward's advertisement.

The first shows her being propped up before treatment, the second shows her after one month's treatment, and the third and fourth depict her actually sitting on her "fairy cycle" after two and three months' treatment!

And what is the truth? We took the trouble to see the child's mother, and she informed us bitterly that the six guineas she had paid to Ward had been thrown away.

Despite his claims, the child is still unable to walk or stand, and has to be strapped in her chair.

She is much the same as ever she has been.

We recollect a case a year or two ago in which Robert Haig, son of a Huddersfield miner, who was born blind, was sent to a blind school by a magistrate.

Qualified men's views

When the case was heard it was claimed that Ward had enabled the boy to see, but this fact was refuted both by a doctor who was in constant attendance on the lad and by an eye specialist who had attended him from time to time.

It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Ward's claims are not always borne out in practice, and the dangers of entrusting one's health to the care of an unqualified practitioner are too obvious to need emphasis here.

TWO WIRELESS WANGLES

Lures for Listeners that Proved Dangerous

WIRELESS enthusiasts who contemplate improving or replacing their sets should beware of the persuasive attentions of one Mr. Andrew Walker, describing himself as the proprietor of the Radio Efficiency Service.

Mr. Walker has been the subject of several complaints in different parts of London.

The cool method by which he pockets easy money is best explained by the experience of an insurance inspector living in Connaught Gardens, London, N.13.

Walker called on the wife of this official with the tempting offer that for £8 5s. he would not only instal a first-class radio set, but would guarantee to keep it in good working order for a year.

Poor results

On the following Sunday he called again. The set was adjusted, and an aerial was erected in the garden, Walker being paid the £8 5s. by cheque.

The purchaser's disgust can be imagined when he discovered that not only was he unable to hear the London station distinctly, but it was impossible to "get" Daventry at all.

Walker re-charged the batteries with no better result, and in the end he agreed to refund £7.

That promise was all that he ever received from Walker. The money never materialised.

Another method employed by Walker is to undertake to maintain sets in proper working order, and to accept a deposit without carrying out his agreement.

There is at least one Palmers Green resident the loser by £3 in this respect.

The Radio Efficiency Service was registered as a business name in 1926. In 1927 Walker removed his headquarters from 18, White Hart Lane, Wood Green, London, N., to premises behind a butcher's shop in Stuart Crescent, in the same district.

At neither of these places is he now to be found, but we have ample evidence that he is operating from somewhere; in fact, some of his batteries were seen in a North London garage only last week.

Wireless enthusiasts should also beware of the much more impudent activities of a dubious Continental firm.

There appeared in an English magazine an advertisement of a firm known as Messrs. Rottloff, of 100, Gartenstrasse, Berlin, offering a wireless set with loud speaker for £2.

Mr. G. Russell Chapman, Secretary of the Vigilance Committee of the Advertising Association, which is doing its utmost to suppress all dubious advertisements

An Enfield Town reader who sent the money was duly favoured with a receipt, and, later still, with a despatch slip.

Countless complaints

The radio set, however, never arrived, and, after a letter-card in English announcing that it would be sent "next week," our reader heard no more from the German concern.

Enquiries made prove that the firm is also one of ill repute in Germany, where it has been responsible for several hundred complaints.

The magazine in question has now, of course, refused to publish its advertisements, but readers should be wary of "falling for them" should they appear in a different guise in other periodicals.

JOSHUA DID IT

—but you can't!

THERE is only one recorded instance in history where anyone has stopped the clock. This may have been possible for Joshua, but the average person can't stay the inevitable course of time.

On page 35 you will find your very last opportunity of securing a "J.B. Ensign" Camera free not only for yourself but for a friend as well.

If you want to secure one of these magnificent gifts you must act while there is still time. The brighter days are just round the corner, and think of the fun you will be able to have with your "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

Pictures of holidays and picnic parties will enable you to live your pleasures all over again.

But there has been such a tremendous rush on the part of our readers for these superb gifts that we are forced to fix a closing date, and no applications, therefore, will be entertained after Saturday, March 23.

Remember the announcement which appears on page 35 of this week's issue is your final opportunity to secure a "J.B. Ensign" Camera free.

TOO FAST for the FLYING SQUADS!

NOT for many a long day have the resources and ingenuity of the English police been so brazenly challenged as by a smart young hotel and boarding-house swindler of thirty-three, whose exploits have baffled them for the past six months.

There are some scores of warrants out for his arrest, and still he is a free man!

Our readers would be wearied by a full recital of his aliases, but they include Robert Boswell, John Ralph, J. Ferris, Ted Jennings, Jack Lewis, R. Jones, J. Smith, A. Small, J. Jevons and Jack Taffy. The last is, perhaps, most applicable, for he is a Welshman.

Week in and week out, in a succession of different aliases, and operating in one town and city after another, he carries off his coups with impunity.

Fade-away tactics

Even in places where his picture has been officially posted as being "wanted by Scotland Yard" he has successfully duped his victims and avoided detection.

His favourite pose is that of a constructional expert in the employ of some famous firm or other, and some idea of his methods of procedure may be gleaned from the following details of a visit he paid to a Liverpool boarding-house.

He stated that he was chief engineer to Messrs. Bovis and Co., Ltd., the well-known London firm of builders and contractors, and he had been entrusted with the task of supervising a certain local building contract.

He had, he explained, come in advance of the company's workmen in order to undertake certain preliminary investigations, and he desired accommodation which would be suitable for his constant comings and goings throughout the day.

He was accordingly suited, and appeared to spend most of his time sleeping and eating. In neither did he stint himself.

The luggage that was to follow never materialised and, after a week of luxurious ease, he disappeared.

Not only did he leave his account unsettled, but he took with him considerable property that he had "lifted" from the house, and also the proceeds of a cheque that was later returned dishonoured from the bank.

The kind of picture painted by this bogus 'Cable Manager' for the benefit of his dupes

The very next day he appeared in Nottingham, this time in a different name.

He no longer elected to pose as a constructional expert, but introduced himself as foreman of certain work that was then being executed at the New Exchange Buildings, Nottingham.

To the local landlady of his selection he talked lightly of the gang of men under his control, and then he quickly repeated his decamping dodge, leaving an unpaid bill and taking with him money obtained by fraud.

The wily rascal does not hesitate to vary his tale. At Barnstaple, for instance, he posed as the "cable manager" of Messrs. Siemens Bros., Ltd., the famous electrical firm. In this guise he again disappeared.

If space permitted we could enumerate something like fifty cities and towns where this gross impostor has found victims.

They are as far apart as Warrington, Mansfield, Crewe, Hastings, Hounslow, Darlington, Brighton, Derby, Wigan, Sheffield, Stoke-on-Trent and Evesham!

Among the names he has abused, in addition to those above-mentioned, are those of Messrs. Williamson, the famous provision merchants; Messrs. Jones, of Cardiff; Messrs. Dorman, builders, London, the famous constructional engineers, and Messrs. Evans and Co., of Hendon.

Work waiting

No sooner has he decamped after perpetrating one coup than he is operating in some other, and usually far-distant, place. His disappearance is too quick and complete for any flying squad.

Although so many have been duped already, we trust that this warning to hotel and boarding-house proprietors will put them on their guard and, perhaps, result in the scoundrel at last being lodged in jail, where he will find ample constructional work to be done, and many gangs of men. But he won't be boss!

MOLINA—*the* TOREADOR!

Girls' Ordeal in Bullfighter's Flat

WHEN Enrique Molina, the Spanish bull-fighter, came to town in January he said to the reporters who assembled at his fashionable hotel to pay him homage, "I would like to give a funny show in London, and make a funny film."

And since that time he has given several shows. None of them, however, has been funny, and most of them have been staged in the privacy of his luxury flat in Shaftesbury Avenue.

Molina, who is said to have been the proud conqueror in 2,000 gory battles in the sandy arenas of his native Spain, has apparently exchanged the role of Toreador for that of blackguard.

As for his funny film, that venture has certainly been launched, and serves as an admirable cloak for events that can only be described as a crying disgrace to the British film industry.

A convenient flat

As recently as February 14 there was registered at Somerset House a film company known as "Surelaugh Comedies."

The registered address of this company is Molina's Shaftesbury Avenue flat, while Molina himself is stated on the company's notepaper to be managing director.

It was announced that the company was going to produce a series of two-reel slapstick comedies, the first of which was to be called "Just a Little Bull," and Molina was to be the star."

We are not, however, concerned with the merits of the film. What we are concerned about is the questionable methods by which Molina "tested" possible members of his cast.

Mr. Coulson Gilmer, President of the Screen Artistes' Guild, who actively watches the interests of film artistes

In the first place, under the Theatrical Managers' Act, he should have advertised in a trade paper two weeks in advance his intention of engaging artistes for a show and should have applied to the L.C.C. for a licence, but these formalities were ignored, leaving Molina open to a severe penalty.

Apart from that he pursued the most extraordinary tactics in engaging young and pretty girls.

He approached two agents well known and respected in the film trade with the suggestion that suitable girls should accompany him to his flat for "tests." He had not had time, he explained, to engage an office.

It was, of course, immediately pointed out to Molina that such a thing was irregular and "not done" in this country. He insisted, however, and the agents agreed on condition that they themselves accompanied the girls to the flat.

That the suspicions of the agents were justified was proved by subsequent events.

There was no atmosphere of business about the flat, the girls were given cocktails and extravagantly entertained, and members of the company were making appointments for them to return to the flat at another time.

Agents shocked

Both agents were so disgusted that they washed their hands of the whole affair.

That, however, did not damp the ardour of the Toreador. He decided to carry on without the aid of agents and a number of girls who were desperately keen to obtain employment were induced to visit him.

The girls were subjected to certain indignities. Requests, quite unnecessary in the ordinary routine of film work were made to them, and Molina revealed himself in a role which, now it is exposed, will, we trust, result in his speedy exit from the British film world.

We have ample evidence in our possession of his unprofessional behaviour.

There was the case of a girl who is a relative of a coming man in the British film industry.

When she called on Molina in quest of an engagement he asked her to disrobe in order to be measured. This, of course, she indignantly refused to do, and immediately left the flat.

Another young girl who called was taken into a private room, where he asked her to strip to the waist. She refused.

Another girl was informed that she would have to be "measured in the nude," and, on declining, was told that she could return to the flat if she cared to. She didn't!

Worst of all, perhaps, was the case of a young girl who was so desperately anxious to secure work that she actually yielded under protest to Molina's demand that she should disrobe to be measured.

But the ordeal proved too much for her and she finally broke into tears and left the flat as quickly as she could. Molina asked her to promise to say nothing of the incident to the agents.

It is time that this sinister bullfighter returned to his bulls. He is not a fit person to be at large in this country, and perhaps the Home Secretary will remember his name when he makes his next clean sweep of undesirable aliens.

Have you WON £500?

On page 4 appears the solution of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 1. If you are entitled to send in a claim, post your postcard to JOHN BULL in accordance with the directions given.

Remember also that we offer another £500 this week for Crosswords.

A new chocolate! 6D

It is called Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwich. Although made in block form each detachable piece is a complete fancy chocolate with a most delightful centre. One of the finest sixpennyworths in the shop.

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COME OUT of BRIAND'S POCKET!

by A. G. GARDINER

M. Briand, who always wears a smile—or a cigarette

I HOPE the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations this week will put the brand of "Forgery" upon the sensational "revelations" from Holland.

Personally, I believe them to be a forgery. I wish the denials of France and Belgium had been more decisive, but our own denial is emphatic. No one can doubt it. No one can believe that ten years after the war, and three years after Locarno, this country has been engaged in a plot so outrageous as that which is the subject of the Utrecht newspaper's revelations.

It is common knowledge, of course, that after the war France made a military pact with Belgium. She was engaged in making military pacts all round with any Power she could rope to her orbit.

It was a disastrous policy which has bedevilled Europe ever since and has mocked at every stage the development of the League of Nations

Behind these doors lies the Conference Hall where the fateful Locarno Pact was signed

M. Hymans is one of Belgium's "Elder Statesmen"

War programmes

The agreement with Belgium was disclosed to the League, but it was accompanied by a General Staff convention which has never been disclosed. That is the sinister fact which gives colour to the present revelations. But until this publication of the alleged text of the "war pacts" of 1920 and 1927 between France and Belgium it had never been suggested that we had a hand in them.

It is that suggestion which is now made. It is that suggestion that, apart from denials, makes it impossible to accept the text as other than a forgery.

According to the text France and Belgium, with this country co-operating, have entered into a full-blooded war programme to meet certain contingencies.

France will support Belgium in the event of war against Holland; Belgium will support France in the event of war against Germany or Italy.

The forces to be put into the field are specified. Belgium will mobilise an army of 600,000 men; France will mobilise an army of 1,200,000 men.

And (according to the alleged pact of 1927) this country will, in the event of war between France and Germany, send an expeditionary force whose business, if you please, will be to operate on the left flank and violate Dutch neutrality.

Or, according to this precious document, although Germany is disarmed and the new Triple Alliance can put 10,000,000 men into the field at once, it will be necessary for the latter to invade Holland, which even Germany dared not do in the last war. And that disastrous crime is allocated to us!

Shameful betrayal

Such a pact as this would be a pact of dishonour without parallel in history.

Or consider what a betrayal this would imply, not only of the League Covenant, but still more, of the Locarno Treaty.

That Treaty is the one feather in Sir Austen's cap. By that Treaty we guaranteed the peace between France and Germany. We made ourselves the wardens of the Rhine. We not only gave security to France against aggression by Germany: *we gave Germany security against aggression by France.*

Is it conceivable that, having shouldered the solemn responsibility, Sir Austen would proceed to reduce the Locarno Pact to waste-paper?

It is not conceivable. Let us dismiss the "revelations," so far at all events as this country is concerned, as a forgery, and a clumsy forgery.

But that does not dispose of the matter. Why is it possible for such forgeries to be invented? Why is it possible for them to send a spasm of panic through Europe? We have all signed the League Covenant. We have all signed the Kellogg Pact. France, Britain, Germany and Italy have all signed the Locarno Treaty.

The collective effect of these solemn undertakings should be to make war not only unthinkable, but impossible.

If our signatures are sincere, if we mean to stand by our bond, all the forgers in Christendom ought to be unable to shake us out of our security. Why, then, does this Utrecht forgery set all Europe shuddering with alarm?

The reason is simple. Beneath this structure of peace, the war-mongers are still laying their mines, still preparing for the next "inevitable war."

Germany is disarmed, but France is armed as no nation in Europe has ever been armed before in time of peace.

In Italy, Mussolini is openly campaigning for more children to provide him with material for war when "The Day" comes. And so on.

Can we complain?

We are not innocent of blame. Sir Austen denies that he is "in Briand's pocket," but he cannot deny that he entered into the foolish Anglo-French naval pact.

What business have we with pacts with France? Our loyalty is to the League Covenant, to the Locarno Treaty, to the Kellogg Pact. These are the instruments of peace.

Treaties like the Anglo-French pact are instruments of war. They are an announcement to the world that we distrust the peace machinery—that we have special friendships, that we talk things over with France in the back parlour before we come into the open to meet America or Germany.

While this is the case, can we wonder that these should be suspicious of our good faith?

If we are notoriously making a deal with France about the navy, we cannot complain if the world believes a false report that we are up to our eyes in a plot about the armies too.

The only pact wanted

This is all wrong.

We must come out of "Briand's pocket." (I thank Sir Austen for that word.) Our rôle in the world is not to be the lap-dog of France. It is to be the chief architect of European peace.

We cannot be that if we cultivate exclusive friendships. We can only be that if we take our stand solidly and immovably on the ground laid down for us in the League Covenant, the Locarno Treaty and the Kellogg Pact.

All who accept this great triple compact of peace are equally our friends—none more, none less.

We must have no war pacts with any country. The only pact we must have is the pact against war, and we want that pact with everybody.

The Case against THE TUNNEL

by HARRY BECKER

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent outbursts in favour of the Channel Tunnel, the arguments against the proposal are so strong that it seems to be inevitable that a tunnel will never be constructed during our lifetime.

M. Jules Jaeger, a Swiss engineer, advocates parallel dams across the Channel, with still water between them for barges, one dam for rail traffic and the other for road traffic.

It is claimed on behalf of this scheme that thousands of motor cars could pass from England to the Continent by this road; that it would not prejudice the railways, as road users would not cross the Channel at all if the road did not exist.

* * *

This tends to prove that all the holiday traffic for tourists would be towards France. Our seaside resorts would be denuded of visitors for the benefit of Continental spas.

Quick communication from Paris to London will place in the hands of the Continental dealers the control of our perishable foodstuffs, such as vegetables, milk, butter and poultry, to the utter ruin of our home market gardeners, poultry keepers and milk producers.

The vast subsidy paid to the civil flying companies by the Government would be wasted. Aeroplanes are used between London and Paris for their speed and convenience, with Paris only four hours from London by railway, who would fly?

* * *

Dover, Folkestone and other South Coast ports would be ruined, unemployment would be rife amongst stevedores, sailors and porters.

England's cross-Channel shipping would become scrap, and England would be drained by the Continent to the detriment of our national well-being for all time.

Our national prosperity would be sacrificed on the altar of seasickness.

We are a sea-going nation, the sea is a natural economic protection. Shall this be sacrificed for the benefit of "Big Biz" who will construct the tunnel?

The tunnel can never be a practical scheme until the world is free and united for the common good.

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Post us your remittance for 30/- or 25/6 for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE or FAWN SHADE is PREFERRED.

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Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size. Therefore you will save nearly 2/- by buying the larger size.

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6/- WITH ORDER.

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Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan. Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Conch lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid **£4:10:0** Complete Approval.

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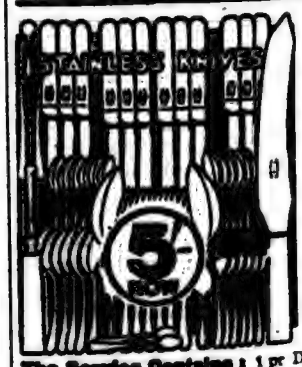

A good Meal deserves good Knife and Fork

TERMS:—Bargain Price for deferred payments, now and monthly payments of 5/- or cash 5% discount.

Complete in Oak Chest 50 pieces for

The Service Contains: 1 pr Double Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory handles, 2 Table Spns, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Frks, 6 Dessert Frks, 1 Salt Spn, 1 Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, all of Colonial Silver, which is warranted to wear white through. CATALOGUE POST FREE. Keenest Prices. Easy Terms.

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4 ft. 4 ins. x 2 ft. 4 ins.	£7 0 0	or in 10 monthly payments of	14/-
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Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables are also sent on 7 days' trial, and can be had in oak or mahogany in a variety of designs to match your furniture. Cash prices from £21 10s. 0d., or in easy monthly payments. Riley's are also the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates Free.

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Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table

Britain's DUSTY SHOP WINDOW

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Our Costly, Flyblown Fair

"Is the salesmanship of this country entirely up-to-date?" asked the Prince. The British Industries Fair supplied a very cogent answer

I DO not know whether, when the Prince of Wales delivered his scathing criticism of the methods of British salesmanship at the Mansion House the other day, he had already been to the British Industries Fair at the White City, London. I do not think so.

I am quite sure that if he had he would not have altered one word of his criticism. He would probably have added to it.

The annual British Industries Fair is Britain's shop window. It is supposed to be our industries' greatest effort, designed to attract the buyers of the world, to stimulate trade, decrease unemployment and show everyone that Britain and Britain's goods cannot be beaten.

It is heralded as a supreme exhibition of salesmanship.

"Is the salesmanship of this country entirely up to date?" asked the Prince. "Is the salesmanship of this country up to the standard of the workmanship of the men?"

Well, the British Industries Fair at the White City supplied a very cogent answer!

Like a jumble sale

When you entered it you got the impression of a broken-down skating-rink. The outside, of dirty straw and peeling plaster, looked—and was—cheap and common in every way.

The arrangement of the stands was amateurish, and the whole thing looked dingy and wretched, more like a jumble sale than a National Exhibition.

"You might almost," said a man to me the other day, "have called it Britain's Exhibition of Bankrupt Stock!"

A friend of mine who visited the Exhibition was even stronger. "Possibly such an Exhibition might have been accepted as all right many years ago, long before the war. To-day it is simply a joke.

"The stuff in it was all right, but the Exhibition was all wrong. The whole atmosphere was chilly and repellent.

"Imagine the feelings of a foreigner coming to the greatest country in the world and judging an Exhibition like this as an example of our industries' greatest effort.

"It made me ashamed of being British!"

Yes—imagine it! Imagine the foreign buyer, used to the magnificence, the alertness and the efficiency of the great Leipzig Fair, the Vienna Fair, or with memories of the wonderful Paris Exhibition of a year or two ago, being confronted with this!

Imagine his feelings if he only had memories of the half-hearted affair at Wembley!

No wonder we are being driven out of the markets of the world by other nations whose business leaders are adapting, adopting and improving all the time to keep abreast of modern requirements.

I went to the White City myself, I wanted to see if my informants were right.

They were—painfully right.

Dumb salesmen

On going round the stalls I hardly found a salesman who could give me intelligent replies.

I saw, for instance, a nest of motor trunks which were supposed to be distinguished for their lightness. I asked the salesman their weight.

He didn't know! He offered to find out for me in a week or so!

I asked him the price. Again he didn't know. He thought they were about sixteen guineas.

Another salesman didn't know the price of the main article on his stall, and it took him ten minutes to find out from a catalogue!

No salesman seemed able to speak French, German or Spanish. In fact, lots of them could scarcely speak English—let alone anything else.

No wonder the Prince of Wales said "Some fault there undoubtedly is with our salesmanship"!

No wonder that industry is languishing and unemployment rising!

We're not all like that, thank goodness. Here and there business men are beginning to see the red light, and utter sound warnings.

Mr. Francis Goodenough, President of the British Export Society, put his finger on several sore spots the other day.

"We are obviously," he said, "still far too insular and 'superior' in our ideas and our manners, too self-satisfied, too heedless of the march of events and of progress and changes in the world around us."

Self-help needed

And he proceeded to inject into British business men a large dose of much-needed self-help:

"Politicians," he said, "are for ever striving to discover the political pill that will bring about the much-needed revival of trade.

"But what industry needs most is not State help, but self-help. We want to get out of the way of thinking that all the ills of the economic body can be cured by political means, that somebody else is to blame for our difficulties and that it is somebody else's job to get us out of them.

"It is first and foremost our own job, and the sooner we get on with it the better."

Stupid apathy

I take off my hat to Mr. Goodenough. That is one of the truest and most courageous things that have been said for a long time.

It is a sentiment that needs absorbing through every pore that British industry possesses until it becomes part and parcel of its life-blood.

I have travelled most countries of the Continent and I do not believe that, man for man and product for product, you can beat British workmen and British workmanship anywhere.

There is no reason for our present trade slump except our own apathy, our own inefficiency and our pathetic belief that politicians or politics can do something and perform miracles.

I would ask British business men who still think politics have any relation to business to remember the story of Dan Leno.

He was taken to see the House of Commons in session and was later asked what he thought of it.

"It was all right," he said, "but it would have gone better with a piano!"

A secret tip

If the British Industries Fair is to be any good it needs, not a derelict and moth-eaten heap of ruins, but a permanent palace of which we can really be proud.

There is no earthly reason why we should not tackle this problem with the earnestness it deserves.

Let me whisper a secret to business men. There are in existence plans for a building to be erected in the middle of London—some time—by the Department of Overseas Trade at a cost of £1,250,000.

Such a building would be a great national asset. The politicians haven't built it yet—and in all probability never will.

That is really the moral that adorns the tale that has just been told by Mr. Goodenough!

The Human Machine

Trust Yourself!

WHATEVER your job in life, self-reliance is one of the most important things to cultivate and train.

It is the decisive mind that gets you on.

But you will never be a man of decisive mind, a man who can give a rapid decision, unless you thoroughly believe in yourself.

Self-depreciation and false humility are mental poisons.

They sap mental energy, destroy initiative and kill imagination.

No man ever yet got through life without having to answer "yes" or "no," rapidly and decisively, to important questions.

To answer correctly and wisely you need imagination to see the alternatives that present themselves, trust in your ability to sustain the course of action you decide on, ability to think quickly, and an utter contempt for consequences if your conscience urges you on.

It is not enough to be merely intelligent to get on in life. There are plenty of intelligent people who haven't an ounce of imagination, and whom nobody could call self-reliant.

You must add to intelligence an alertness of mind, the power to look ahead, and the power of pitching into a job with heart and soul.

It is all these things that enable a man to make up his mind rapidly.

Life can be a dull and dreary business or it can be a rousing adventure—it all depends on yourself.

If you are always making efforts to get on, if you rouse your imagination to look ahead to some distant goal and work towards it, how can it be dull?

Jack Townrow, *Blindfolded* picks SARONY

Jack Townrow, International Centre-half for Chelsea.

Chelsea's International Centre-half discovers how to enjoy cigarette smoking

"I very seldom smoke. Until I made the Blindfold Test, all cigarettes tasted the same to me. But I wouldn't say that now. In the test I chose Sarony. That *smoothness* they talk about is there all right; no doubt about that!

In future, I shall keep a tin of Saronys handy, for it's the only cigarette I've ever *enjoyed* smoking."

J. E. Townrow

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

The blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Fresh coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette, to clear the taste. Only one question is asked: "Which did you enjoy most?" Saronys' famous *smoothness*, and complete absence of bite or parch, is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing, fragrant smoothness. So, "you can tell the difference, even blindfolded."

10 *for* 6^{d} **Sarony** 20 *for* 1/-

Made by Nicolas Sarony, New Bond Street

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

DORA
INSPECTOR
BUREAUCRAT
RED TAPE
THE OLD DAYS OF THE BABY IS EIGHT WEEKS TO BE AT LEAST LONG WITH NO ONE AT A TELL OF THE 19TH CENTURY ARE 19TH CENTURY'S AND WILL NOT WORK IN THE 20TH

The Council of Baby By-Laws meets to Discuss Better By-Laws for Babies.
(The National Baby Week Council has just met.)

PARROTS *at the* AMPLIFIER

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

THE other day a Conservative M.P. solemnly told his constituents that "every vote given to the Liberal Party would be a vote against the Constitution."

It is the sort of silly clap-trap that is on a par with Mr. Churchill's ranting about the Red Menace when he recently addressed the Anti-Socialist Union.

On that occasion even the "Sunday Times" was moved to remark, "We do not believe that the Bolshevist bogey will work a second time!"

Conservatives damn Labour, Liberals damn Conservatives, and Labour damns both impartially!

The great game of politics by labels is in full swing. Exaggeration, misrepresentation, personal abuse, downright lying—all the usual tragic paraphernalia of an election is being dragged out to bamboozle the electors.

Every time Labour wins a by-election it is hailed as a knock-out blow to the Conservative Party.

The Conservative Party explains promptly that the Labour vote has not grown, so it doesn't really matter.

The Liberals are apparently contented if their candidate polls enough votes to embarrass the other two.

They are all so busy trying to cut each other's throats that they forget the great national problems that are no nearer solution than they were years ago.

PARTY labels have lost all meaning. None of the three parties is united. None of the three parties has a clear policy that has no connection with the policy of the others.

It can't be done because the country and its needs have outgrown party pettishness. All parties, willy-nilly, must at least pretend to think nationally.

Liberals cannot agree on Liberalism any more than Labour can agree on Socialism or Conservatives on Toryism.

No wonder the electorate is apathetic and bored, merely waiting impatiently for the Government to announce the date of the General Election, and get an irritating disturbance over as soon as possible!

What will the voter do when the election does come? We don't pretend to know, but we know what he ought to do.

He ought to turn a deaf ear to blandishments, party labels and parrot-cries.

He ought to vote for principle no matter in what quarter he finds it. He ought to vote for realism and practicability and forget party pretence. He ought to keep an open mind, listen to everybody and vote according to his real convictions.

The problems are so vast that they need the united efforts of the best brains in the land, efforts unhampered by creed or dogma, precedent or practice.

Some people fear an indecisive result to the election. We don't.

We rather fancy that the more indecisive the better. It would force a combination of brains and a pooling of endeavour that might conceivably get something done.

• • •

THE B.B.C., having without the least success tried various methods of stopping the bribery of dance bands by publishers whose methods we exposed last week, have now resorted to a measure of desperation.

Broadcast Bureaucrats

No dance band that is broadcast may now announce the names of the numbers that are played. Thus, says the B.B.C., the publishers will have nothing to gain by paying for special numbers to be played and the intolerable "plugging" will cease.

We think the B.B.C. are optimists! We still adhere to our own solution of the problem.

We saw the B.B.C. and asked what they were going to do when listeners wrote and asked for the names of numbers they had heard and liked—as thousands and thousands will naturally do.

We were shown a printed postcard regretting that the B.B.C. could give no information!

There's the perfection of bureaucracy for you!

Meanwhile, we remember that the revenue of the B.B.C. last year was three-quarters of a million.

We, in common with thousands of others, don't feel we are getting that amount of value.

WE heartily congratulate the General Council of the Trade Union Congress on its decision to meet the Employers for further discussions despite the latter's out of hand rejection of the report of the Mond-Turner conferences.

Quench the Firebrands!

There was a real danger, now happily averted, of the extremists on the Trade Union side helping the extremists among the employers to wreck all hopes of industrial co-operation.

We have always steadily maintained that despite their firebrands and their mountebanks, the Trade Unions could get public opinion on their side given a little wise leadership and a little facing of realities.

The statesmanship that was so lamentably lacking a few years ago has now supervened, and the immediate result is to put the employers on the defensive with the public.

Since they have rejected the scheme for a Joint Industrial Council, it is up to them to produce a workable alternative.

There are still plenty of employers left who have learned nothing and are apparently incapable of learning anything. They are of a type who give the Communist every justification for yelling abuse at what he loves to call "the boss class."

We do not believe they are anything but a minority—but they are a powerful minority, and as such a danger to industrial peace and a barrier against progress.

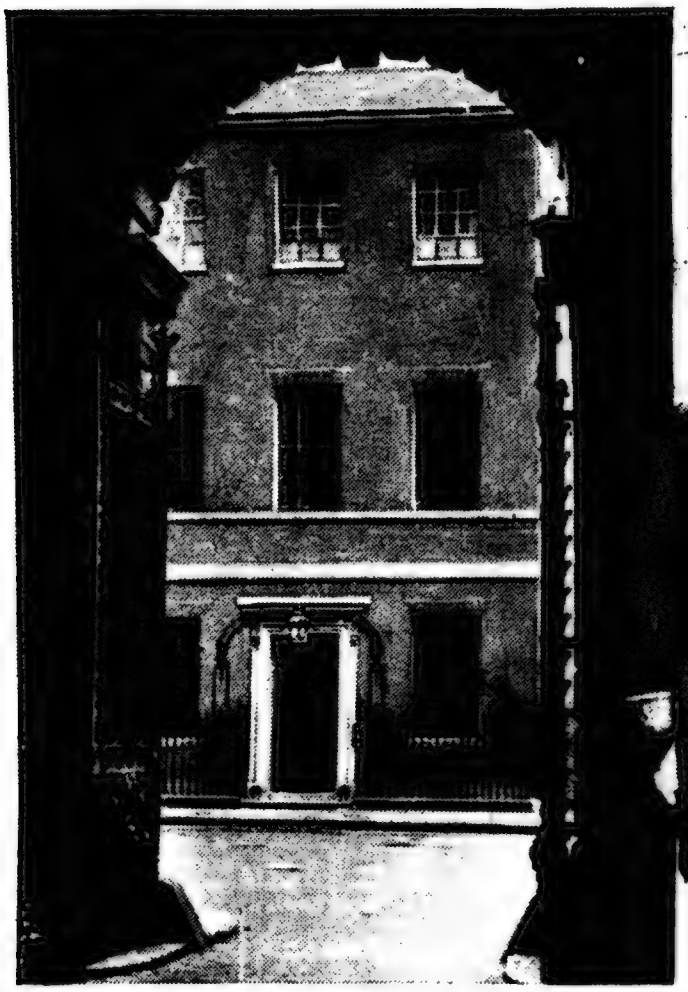
IF the Federation of British Industries and the Confederation of Employers' Organisations are wise they will sit on such people as firmly as the Trade Unions are now sitting on their irreconcilables.

Organised labour can be either a tremendous national asset or a terrific menace.

It has shown abundantly and increasingly that it wants to be the former. We warn the die-hard element among the employers that the country is in no mood to permit pig-headed foolishness to turn it once again into the latter.

The Trade Union Congress, by its prompt action, has read the employers a salutary lesson from which we hope they will be quick to profit.

These INVISIBLE M



The sombre archway through which the Foreign Office looks down on No. 10, Downing Street

Sir Maurice Hankey. "'Hankey-Pankey' . . . has his finger in every pie"

The other way in to Downing Street—through the backdoor

WITHIN a few months the members of Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet will scatter "to stump" the constituencies, and the King will dissolve Parliament.

But the government of the country will proceed. Its administrative and executive departments will continue to function.

The incoming departmental members of the new Cabinet will find the governing machine working with wonderful smoothness and efficiency.

None need feel strange, none wonder if he can do the work. Each, after all, is merely "the ornament on the top."

Every one of them will be tended and nursed as to detail, problem, and the course of business by the Invisible Men of Whitehall, who are the powers behind the several Ministers, and include the chiefs of the ablest and most proficient Civil Service in the world.

Room of "ghosts"

These men are the real rulers of Britain. Individually, each is more powerful than any Cabinet Minister. Collectively they hold more sway in shaping the destinies of the nation and the Empire than all the politicians put together.

Yet they are, most of them, almost unknown to the man in the street. Their names may be familiar, but their authority and significance are not realised. Who are they?

The head of the Civil Service is Sir Warren Fisher, whose signature on Treasury Notes is so well known.

He sits in a room overlooking the Privy Council garden with the Horse Guards Parade in the middle distance. In that room, the "ghosts" with great names—Disraeli, Gladstone, Balfour, Asquith, Lloyd George, Chamberlain, Horne, Snowden, and others long before them, might still linger.

Here the coming Budget is being "built." It is the place where the financial pulse of the nation is felt and judged with astounding accuracy. Warren Fisher, as Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, has a big position. It requires a big man. He fits the role and meets the requirements.

He guides where Mr. Churchill reigns. His ability is unquestioned; his loyalty to his clients amounts to hero-worship.

The late Mr. Bonar Law sent for "Warren" shortly before he died. He has kindled Mr. Baldwin's affection. Mr. McKenna and Mr. Snowden think him "big"—and he is. He can say straight things. He said many in the recent Report on the Transference question.

Someone influential said—"Warren is testing whether the Government's professions are mere eyewash"—and he was.

Sir Warren Fisher will not celebrate his fiftieth birthday until September next. He is a young man as eminent Civil Servants go, and he maintains all a youth's buoyant love of a good joke in the august circles in which he moves.

But behind his jovial manner is concealed a tremendous ability for clear thinking and lucid exposition. He could make even the Bank Rate understandable to ordinary folk.

His power is prodigious. It is he who will decide whether Mr. Churchill can really reduce taxation next April, whether he can take a penny off beer or twopence off the petrol tax.

Wizard linguist

He is the real custodian of the national purse, the brain which finances our whole corporate life. Responsible to no constituents, removable only by old age or premature death, he rules us—unseen.

Pass up Downing Street to the Foreign Office, where Sir Austen Chamberlain is head—or rather has been taught to think he is.

It was here Sir Eyre Crowe ruled and told Foreign Ministers the way, and here where Sir William Tyrrell, now our Ambassador in Paris, toyed with his "brindled" pet dog in quiet moments, and kept Sir Austen straight.

Sir Warren Fisher . . . "removable only by old age or premature death"

Now there reigns at the Foreign Office, as the invisible Permanent Secretary, one of the youngest and best-looking men—of commanding presence—Sir Ronald Lindsay, fifth son of the twenty-sixth Earl of Crawford.

And "Ronald" knows the work. He has had the orthodox diplomatic training; has been at work in Persia, Washington, Paris and The Hague; and was chosen for Berlin to follow Lord d'Abernon.

A wizard alike with languages and figures, he did a big thing in choosing for his first wife a Pennsylvanian lady, and for his second wife charming Miss Hoyt of New York. Good for the Anglo-American entente!

Sir Ronald's decisions and advice really direct the activities of all our diplomats.

No matter who, for the time being, acts as Foreign Secretary, Sir Ronald calmly pushes forward with the broad policy which he and the little band of subtle men who control the Foreign Office have decided shall be the foreign policy of the British Empire.

Enter the Home Office, opposite the Cenotaph. Ask for Sir John Anderson, who stands to keep "Jix" informed—a real guide, philosopher and friend. He draws £3,000 a year.

Tall and fair, he is a "Watsonian" Scot, who sampled both Edinburgh and Leipzig universities before he settled down in the Civil Service at the Colonial Office just twenty-four years ago.

Sir John is bureaucratic and has been quoted as "a shining example" of that type. Dour, determined, ever courteous and long headed, he should go further yet.

A man behind 'Dora'

His is, perhaps, the soundest brain in the Civil Service, although the soldiers christened him "Pompoo" when, with Sir Nevil Macready, he carried on the Government in Ireland.

Factories, Police Forces, Aliens, Pensions and "Dora," he administers and controls them one and all with a methodical mildness of manner which cloaks an iron determination of purpose.

Each day you are "governed" by Sir John Anderson and dragooned by this hidden man's actions in Whitehall. His power modifies your life at every phase and angle, yet you never hear of his existence. He has reduced self-effacement to a fine art.

After Sir John, Sir Ernley Blackwell wields the widest power in the Home Office. He acts as chief legal adviser on all subjects.

In fact, it is he who really decides whether a convicted murderer shall hang or not. But for the comfort of intending malefactors be it known that Sir Ernley is not nearly so severe as his looks might suggest.

Crossing the street to Montague House, where Sir Horace Wilson advises Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, Minister of Labour, and directs the real business, one is just a little disappointed with this quiet, clean-shaven gentleman, who has the contemplative face of a poet and profound sympathy for the unemployed.

Gratitude's push

He came from Bournemouth into public life, walked through the London School of Economics, and showed remarkable ability with facts and figures.

He was chosen Principal Assistant Secretary at the Ministry of Labour

They hold the Nation in the hollow of their hand

EN of Whitehall RULE YOU!

(Left) Sir Ronald Lindsay "knows the work"—"A wizard alike with languages and figures." (Right) Sir Ernley Blackwell is not really so severe as he looks

Sir John Anderson . . . "has reduced self-effacement to a fine art"

ten years ago. He attracted Sir Robert Horne's attention, and did much to train that "assimilative" business-man.

Sir Robert pushed Sir Horace forward in gratitude; but Sir Horace should have done bigger things as Permanent Secretary. Of course, there are other big men at the Ministry, and Sir Horace is not averse from a quiet life.

Another of Whitehall's big "invisible" men may often be seen engaged judging a good lunch not far from Northumberland Avenue. Sir Aubrey Vere Symonds, Secretary of the Board of Education, is one of the joys of life to see or to know.

He was one of Lloyd George's right-hand men in preparing the Insurance Act. At that time he still had the atmosphere of Bedford School and University College, Oxford.

Big and silent

He wears a monocle with the calm detachment and ease of Sir Austen or the late Lord Chaplin. He is a founder of the Civil Service Sports Council and the "best dressed man in Whitehall."

His stories are fresh, for he knows how to "dress 'em up." His wit can be keen and his English lively at times.

Meet him and you would possibly consider he had done well on the Turf, instead of on Lord Hereford's Whiskey Commission. Now he is the big silent thing behind our national education—we wonder!

There are rarely any big men at the India Office since Lord Birkenhead left for the City; but there is one quiet cultured Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, who strolled into the office about 35 years ago, acted for Mr. Brodrick and for Lord Morley as private secretary—no mean work—wrote a ponderous volume on "The Church, the Empire and the World," and was elected to the "ecclesiastical" Athenæum—which is not a night club.

His name is Sir Arthur Hirtzel: he draws £3,000 a year: doesn't irritate anyone: is eminently efficient in his work, and the changes of Governments will never ruffle him.

The "Park Keeper"

Sir Lionel Earle, who is the really "big noise" at the Office of Works, is a broad-chested, fresh-air man. He supervises repairs in Royal palaces and watches our hyacinths and other flowers in the parks. The Government offices are in his charge; he supplies them with pens, ink, paper—and even Red Tape.

Everyone thought him a confirmed bachelor until he suddenly fell in love and married the beautiful Miss Marriott, the brilliant pianist.

Sir Lionel's duties are many; but among the most onerous are the framing of the London park regulations and their interpretation.

Under his regulations Sir Almeric Fitzroy, Sir Basil Thompson, Sir Chiozza Money and Miss Savidge were all arrested and charged with "Park offences." His is the responsibility by which the park regulations will be modified or tightened in the future.

Although he reigns at the Office of Works, the London Police administer his will in the parks, and the Commissioner at Scotland Yard must bow to his behest.

Mr. Amery, who succeeded the Rt. Hon. James Thomas at the Colonial and Dominions Office, has two important "driving wheels" in his department.

Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Wilson, who has been a Governor of Trinidad, Tobago and Jamaica, is one. He has been on missions to really puzzling little British colonies, and was mentioned seven times in despatches during the Great War.

He is a soldier in the early fifties and keeps the colonies amiable and straight, orders the correspondence, and says democratic things like "The government of a colony should develop the greatest good for the greatest number of its people."

While Sir Samuel looks after the Colonies, Dominion interests are cared for by his friend Sir C. T. Davis.

When "Jimmie" Thomas was a Cabinet Minister, he found himself very much at home with the latter. For while "Jimmie" was once an engine-driver himself, Sir C. T. Davis is an engine-driver's son.

Unheard-of brains

Sir C. T. Davis, who looks after the Dominions, went to Balliol College, Oxford, on a scholarship he won. He achieved a First in the Classical Schools and went to the Colonial Office thirty-two years ago to achieve even more weighty things.

"Wilson and Davis," Permanent Secretaries, Colonial and Dominions Office, Downing Street, S.W.1, make an Empire combination of high value and would wield enormous power behind a weak Secretary of State—but there doesn't happen to be one just now, for Mr. Amery is his own big noise.

Whitehall has always attracted big "brains," but the public does not always hear about them. Take Sir Arthur Robinson at the Ministry of Health.

Everyone, who has been studying the De-rating Bill believes Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Kingsley Wood did it all. As a fact it was Sir Arthur Robinson and his colleagues, who are "these lions" providers.

So it is in the big Services' departments. The public knows Mr. William Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty. It knew Earl Beatty, and knows less well Sir Charles Madden, who is First Sea Lord.

But hardly anyone outside the Admiralty knows that Sir Oswyn Murray, Permanent Secretary, wields the big power. His father was Sir James Murray, editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, who conferred unusual names on his offspring. Among his children are Ethelbert, Aelfric and Gwyneth.

Sir Oswyn belongs to a family one member of which is principal of an Anglo-Chinese College in the Far East, and another Director of Mediæval Languages at Girton College.

A calm, jocund, highly-efficient public servant who knows the "why" of his work and does it.

'Erb's diplomacy

Pleasant also is Sir Herbert Creedy, of the War Office, probably the most universally beloved of highly placed Civil Servants. Short, fat, and with a head "like a hard-boiled egg," Sir Herbert sits serene amidst the riotous generals, who affectionately address him as "'Erb."

A constant feud most properly exists at the War Office between soldiers aiming at efficiency and civilians pressing for economy. 'Erb is the elastic buffer-state between them. On his desk lies a big box of cigarettes, always full and always open.

Both parties come to him, smoke his "fags" and pour their troubles into his ears. 'Erb calms them all, comforts them all; and they depart feeling that one man at least understands them. 'Erb remains behind, inscrutable and smiling, riding out the storm unperturbed.

Among the most influential of the "Invisibles" is Sir Maurice Hankey, a "Pooh-Bah" who exercises unruffled composure, calm judgment and broad tolerance over the Privy Council of which he is Secretary at "some thousands" a year.

He is Secretary of Imperial Conferences when they come round, and Cabinet Secretary every week at No. 10, Downing Street.

He was Secretary of the War Cabinet in 1926; British Secretary at the Paris Peace Conference; and accompanied Mr. Balfour to the Washington Conference and Mr. Lloyd George to Genoa, again as Secretary.

In fact, Sir Maurice can keep secretaryships going like the late Cinquevalli did balls, and smile all the time. He works hard, has had average luck, and has got ambition.

Hence, with his underhung jaw, keen eyes, and a memory like Datas, he can produce papers out of bags at conferences with dazzling celerity.

A dark moustache hides the expression of his mouth, and you will be astute to discover what lies behind the bland civility with which he greets even the humblest of acquaintances.

Most charming

His advancement is due to an illimitable capacity for hard work and an ability to serve under any chief. They are all alike to "Hankey-Pankey," as Sir Harry Wilson christened him.

His finger is in every pie. Nothing escapes him: nothing finds him unprepared. He sits at the centre of a web whose threads reach to "ends of the Empire and vibrate with a meaning which he alone can interpret. His is the voice which speaks through Ministers' lips, the intelligence which moulds their decisions.

But if you would meet the most charming and strange of all Whitehall's Invisible Men, come and interview Mr. Tom Jones, principal assistant to Sir Maurice Hankey, as Secretary to the Cabinet.

The son of a poor Rhymney storekeeper, he has been successively a scholarship boy at University College, Aberystwyth, a philosophy student at Glasgow, a Calvinistic Methodist preacher, a professor, and a zealous Insurance Commissioner.

Soft-voiced, inconspicuous, and mild, he wields, if not great power, at least great influence. Mr. Lloyd George leaned on him heavily during his Premiership; Mr. Baldwin delights in his counsel.

Watch them!

Bureaucracy can be found lurking all along the Whitehall line. Kept in check, as it usually is, it can never achieve dominancy and dictatorship otherwise than through weak Ministers and an inert House of Commons.

Indeed, the present Prime Minister's "Peace in our time" speeches have found their guidance and inspiration not very far from Tom Jones' writing-pad.

These, then, are our real masters. The public owes much to Whitehall's Invisible Men, and the deep and lasting gratitude to them of cohorts of weak Ministers in the past century is not easily assessed. *But they must be watched!*

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Real Life Stories— ***by Famous Authors***

"He turned back his cuff—then gave a startled cry of horror . . . . 'My God, it's a young coral snake!'"

FATE, the Jester

A "TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION" *story*

by

ROLF BENNETT

(Illustrated by Pern Bird)

A DOZEN possible titles passed through my mind before I finally labelled this real-life story "Fate, the Jester," which now seems to me to be the most apt.

Readers will know from their own experience of life how frequently—yet how unexpectedly—Fate may take a hand in shaping our destinies. The story given here is only one of many examples that have come to my notice.

In presenting the facts in short-story form it has, of course, been necessary to make certain modifications. The names allotted to the players in this real-life drama are, of course, fictitious, and I have also deemed it wise to make certain changes in locality.

But the basic facts are true, and the story is one in which Fate undoubtedly donned the cap and bells.

* * *

IT was night. The air in the clearing, shut in by the primeval forest, was not so much air as steam. For in that marshy spot, close by the Amazon, the tropical heat drew damp vapours from the earth and there was never so much as a breath of wind to stir them.

In one of two small tents, dimly lit by an oil lamp, a man lay in a hammock shivering as with ague, his feverish, glittering eyes upon the photograph of a beautiful woman that stood propped up on a packing-case which served as a table.

Presently the tent-flap was pulled aside and another man entered.

"How are you getting on, Doc?" he asked, as he slumped down exhausted on a box.

Doctor Hendry withdrew his gaze from the photograph and turned his sunken eyes upon the newcomer.

"About the same, Mason," he answered weakly. "Rotten luck, crocking up like this just when we were getting to grips with the work."

"Can't be helped," sighed the other. His gaze, seemingly drawn against his will, travelled to the photograph on the packing-case. Rage surged up in him, rage which had for its object the sick man who was this woman's husband.

With an effort he withdrew his eyes from the photograph.

"Everything's fixed up," he went on, "and if you're well enough to be moved to-morrow we could reach Iquitos in four or five days."

"Good." The doctor's gaze travelled once more to the packing-case, but this time it rested on a box containing a number of small glass phials. "You'll see that those serums are packed very carefully, Mason, and in a place where I can get at them. And by the way," he added, "has Pete got me a live specimen of the coral snake as I ordered?"

"Not yet, Doc. Thought we'd better leave it till the last minute. They're not the sort of pets that I care to have about me more than I can help."

"It'll be safe enough in one of those zinc-lined specimen boxes with the perforations," murmured Hendry, indifferently.

"Well, if you're all right, I think I'll turn in," said Mason, rising to his feet.

"Will you—will you hand me that photograph before you go?" asked the sick man.

Mason obeyed, carefully avoiding meeting the doctor's eyes as he handed it to him.

"Thanks," said Hendry, as he took the photograph. "I suppose," he added, "you think me a sentimental old fool, Mason. Well, when you have a wife whom you love, and who loves you, you'll understand. Good-night, and thanks."

"Good-night, Doc."

The flap of the tent opened and closed. Outside, the clearing was a witches' kitchen of hot vapours. Mason stood there, dripping with perspiration, and clenched his fists.

"The fool! The poor, purblind fool!" he whispered to himself. "And he thinks she cares for him. My God!"

He dragged himself wearily to his tent and lay down in the hammock.

How, he asked himself for the thousandth time, had Laura come to marry a man like Hendry; a man ten years her senior who practically lived in his laboratory, and who, apart from a sort of dog-like devotion to her, had no interests outside his own work?

Of course she had soon realised her mistake; she had confessed as much.

"I was meant for life and gaiety and lovely things, Jim, not an existence like this," she had told him bitterly. "I might," she had added, "just as well be in prison or a convent, for all the pleasure I get out of life. And—and it would be silly to pretend that I don't know I—I'm beautiful, Jimmy."

AND he remembered when, a few weeks later, she had said to him as they were returning from a theatre:

"I think I should have gone mad if you hadn't come along when you did. You're young. You understand, and you haven't sold your soul to science."

"But—he's fond of you," Mason remembered himself saying.

"Fond of me!" she had cried scornfully. "Oh yes, he's fond of me in his funny, stuffy way. Good heavens, Jim, he's the sort of man who would give you a hot-water bottle for a birthday present when you were expecting a pearl necklace."

And Hendry, immured in his laboratory, wedded to his test-tubes and serums, absorbed in his researches, had seen and suspected nothing of the growing intimacy between them.

Such a situation could have but one end. And that end, as Mason saw it,

(Continued on page 24)

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A pleasant journey to you

TRAIN, charabanc, car or aeroplane—all long journeys are tedious. Nerves become frayed—the brain wearied.

Break the tedium—relax the tension—by the use of Wrigley's Chewing Sweets. Any doctor will tell you that chewing has a soothing effect on strained nerves.

It calms and relaxes the whole nervous system—rests and refreshes mind and body as well.

Wrigley's also does you good in other ways. It cleanses teeth and mouth as nothing else can. Taken after meals it helps digestion, sweetens the breath and removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking.

Always have Wrigley's handy. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

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If at first you don't succeed, PERSEVERE with Radox! Eventually the most obstinate corn will soften and come out, root and all, after Radox Footbaths. Here is a case in point. This gentleman suffered from very stubborn corns, but regular Radox footbaths removed all trace of them. Read his letter:

"*In October, 1928, I wrote you regarding the difficulty I was experiencing in curing my corns. You asked me to* PERSEVERE *with Radox, as they were evidently very stubborn corns. It now gives me great pleasure to be able to say that Radox has in my case proved entirely successful, and I can now walk about without pain or discomfort afterwards. Honestly I thought at first I was simply wasting my money by buying Radox Bath Salts, but I can now say it has proved the best investment I have ever made. Since then I have not had a sign of corns, hard skin, etc., so Radox has indeed banished them.*"

J. T. D., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Jan. 10th, 1929.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the roots of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

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Half Pound Pink Packet

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling." Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

RHEUMATISM

"He feels 20 years younger"

"*I am 69 years of age. Four years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and Lumbago which continued for 6 months, and for some time I was quite unable to dress myself or rise up from my back without assistance. After reading about Kruschen Salts I commenced taking a half-teaspoonful of Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning for about 3 weeks, and I began to improve. Afterwards I took a small dose, enough to cover a sixpence, every morning in my first cup of tea, and in a month's time I felt quite well, and have not since had an ache or pain and feel 20 years younger. I am still keeping to the small dose in the tea every morning.*"

H. H., Bolton, Lancs.

10th January, 1929.

It is common knowledge that rheumatism and lumbago are caused by needle-pointed uric acid crystals getting lodged in the muscles and joints. Kruschen Salts dull the sharp edges of these crystals and then dissolve them away altogether. Afterwards, Kruschen flushes the system clear of every trace of these dissolved crystals. Furthermore, Kruschen prevents uric acid from ever forming again. How? Simply by assisting the body to expel every day all undigested food which produces uric acid and other dangerous body poisons.

Tasteless in Tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Every chemist sells Kruschen, in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. bottles. A 1s. 9d. bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

"Fate, the Jester"—(Continued from page 22)

had only been postponed when Dr. Hendry accepted an invitation from the Government to undertake an expedition to South America for the purpose of studying the origin of certain obscure tropical diseases.

Mason, as Hendry's assistant, had, of course, been expected to accompany him.

And now, by the irony of Fate, Hendry had fallen a victim to one of the very diseases he had come out here to study.

IN another six weeks they would be back in England and the old problem would once more present itself to Mason, this time with his will weakened and his moral sense vitiated by life in the steaming tropical swamps.

On the following morning, while Mason was superintending the removal of the luggage into the canoes that were to take them down to Iquitos, Pete, the half-breed guide, called to him excitedly.

"Got the coral, sah!"

Mason went to the spot where Pete was holding the head of a squirming snake pinned to the ground by a forked stick. It was a very fine specimen of the coral, nearly a yard long, and brilliantly marked with red, yellow and black bands.

Mason shuddered involuntarily as he gazed down at it, for he knew that a bite from a coral snake means a swift and terrible death.

"He female snake," said the half-breed.

"That doesn't make any difference," retorted Mason, still watching the thing with a morbid curiosity.

"Perhaps it make difference later on. One snake go in box, many come out," said Pete with a grin.

"So that's it. Family cares, eh?" remarked Mason, and he, too, grinned.

The snake was manœuvred into a perforated zinc box, which a little later was put into Hendry's canoe. Hendry sat with the box under his knees.

"Hanged if I'd enjoy sitting with that coral so close," thought Mason, and added aloud, "How will you manage on the boat, Doc.? They won't travel with a deadly snake amongst the luggage."

"I shall keep it in my cabin under the bunk. It will be quite safe. The box is securely locked," replied Hendry.

MASON said no more, but smiled to himself at the thought of Hendry's surprise when the box was opened. And then, suddenly, he stiffened.

In an illuminating flash of horror he saw what would happen if that coral gave birth to young in the box. Tiny, squirming threads would find their way through the perforations, each of those threads as deadly as the parent snake, and—*Hendry was sitting with the box under his knees.*

Overwrought as he was, his nerves strained to breaking point, his body sodden with the damp, corrupting heat, his very soul rotted by it, he began to see in Hendry's impending death not his own hand, but the hand of Fate.

He hadn't suggested that Hendry should take a deadly reptile back with him to England; *he* hadn't told Pete to get a female.

It wasn't up to *him* to warn Hendry of the peril of carrying that box about with him, if Hendry hadn't sufficient sense to realise it for himself, he argued speciously.

And so, telling himself that he was merely a tool in the hands of Fate and that it wasn't for him to prevent that which had been ordained, Mason set himself to a grim waiting.

Day after day, as the Indians paddled the canoes down in the steaming heat towards Iquitos, he watched and waited. But day after day nothing happened except that his nerves came nearer snapping, while he grew to hate the other man with an intensity of hate that was very near madness.

At last they reached Iquitos, and there the gear was transferred to a small, dirty and evil-smelling steamer bound for Pernambuco.

Hendry and Mason were each allotted a cabin that was scarcely better than a cubby-hole, but which had the advantage of mosquito-curtained bunks. And here Mason, endlessly watching, saw Hendry stow the box of death under his bunk.

There were no other white passengers aboard, and Mason, avoiding Hendry, struck up an acquaintance with the Portuguese mate, who understood English fairly well.

On the morning after leaving Iquitos they were pacing up and down the deck together when the mate paused under the lee of one of the ship's boats to light a cigar. Mason also stopped.

"The devil! These—how you say?—matches, they do not inflame," he growled, after throwing away his second match.

Mason stood with one hand on the gunwale of the boat, watching him absently. After the sacrifice of four matches, the mate succeeded in lighting his cigar.

REMOVING his hand from the boat, Mason felt a prick just above his wrist. Thinking he had been bitten by one of the insects of which the steamer possessed a whole collection, he turned back his cuff—then gave a startled cry of horror.

For the thing which had punctured his skin was no insect, but a tiny, living thread.

"My God, it's a young coral snake!"

The mate caught him as he swayed forward, then shouted to one of the crew to fetch the doctor. A moment later Dr. Hendry came rushing on deck and learnt what had happened from the mate, for Mason had swooned.

Swiftly the doctor bound a tourniquet round Mason's arm between the bite and the heart, then rushed below for his case of instruments, calling to the steward for neat whisky as he did so.

When he returned on deck he injected some fluid into Mason's arm, and, as he recovered consciousness, made him swallow the neat whisky.

"We've done all we can," he said then. "The only thing is to keep him on the move. If he falls into a coma, that'll be the end. Get two of your men to march him up and down the deck, and keep at it."

So Mason, livid and limp, was half-supported, half-dragged up and down, while the mate ordered the boat to be lowered in order that the coral's deadly brood might be exterminated.

The mystery of the presence of the baby snakes was explained by Dr. Hendry.

"It's my fault," he said bitterly. "I brought a live coral snake on board in a perforated zinc box. I had an idea that it was a female, and intended to keep it under my bunk.

"BUT the steward found out about it and told the captain. As a result, the captain ordered the box to be put into that boat where one would be likely to tamper with it.

"And then the snake must have given birth to young which, being larger than threads, got through the perforations. If poor Mason dies, I shall never forgive myself."

But Mason did not die. By the time they reached Pernambuco he had recovered save that he still felt the effects of the shock. The thought that he owed his life to Dr. Hendry's efforts filled him with an anguish of remorse.

For in that awful moment when death had seemed very near, sanity had returned to him and he had awakened to the realisation that he, for an accident, he would virtually have murdered this man, from whom he had received nothing but kindness and comradeship.

As for Laura, though his heart still beat faster at thought of her, he made a solemn vow that he would never through her, sully the honour of the man who had saved his life.

"I'll have to find a new job when I get back," he told himself. "That's the only way out."

On their arrival in London some weeks later, Dr. Hendry was surprised and deeply disappointed at not finding his wife at the station to meet him, for he had wired her from Southampton that morning.

"I hope Laura's not ill," he said anxiously to Mason. "I can't understand it. Unless," he added, brightening a little, "she's staying with friends and did not receive my wire."

But when he arrived at his home the door was opened by an anxious-looking housekeeper who burst into tears at sight of him.

"What's the matter? Is my wife ill?" demanded the doctor hoarsely.

The woman shook her head and gave him a letter addressed to himself in his wife's well-known hand-writing. With hands that trembled he tore it open.

"Gone!" he whispered blankly when he had read it. "Gone!"

MASON did not see the letter, but in a flash of intuition he understood. The woman he loved had proved false not only to her husband but to him. She had run away with another lover. And this was the woman for whose sake he had nearly become a murderer!

It was some three months later that one of Dr. Hendry's friends, a fellow naturalist, happened to pay him a visit. The latter was attracted by a stuffed snake in the act of striking in the laboratory.

"Beautiful thing," he remarked, examining it closely. "A souvenir of your South American expedition, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Hendry. "It's a coral snake, and, as you know, one of the deadliest reptiles in the world. I could tell you a queer story in connection with it, too. It was alive when I got it."

"One moment," broke in the other, "you've made a mistake, Hendry. That's what is commonly called the 'false coral,' but so like its deadly counterpart that, I'm told, even the natives in districts where both varieties abound are unable to distinguish between the two. This chap, my dear fellow, is as harmless as the English slow-worm."

There was a sound of breaking glass behind them, and both men turned round sharply.

"It—it's nothing," said Mason, who had dropped a test-tube—an empty one, fortunately. But," he added, turning to the naturalist, "are you certain that the snake was what you call the 'false coral,' and harmless?"

"Positive, my dear chap," replied the other.

"Well, you've spoilt a dramatic story, Forbes," said Hendry. "Come and have some tea and I'll tell you." And Mason dropped that test-tube

ROSITA FORBES, *whose*

True Life Story

will appear

NEXT WEEK

"My Buddha"

When Dad comes home tired

HOME at last after a busy day! Nerves worn and ragged! Too tired to go out for an evening's amusement.

That is when a cup of delicious "Ovaltine" is particularly acceptable. The rich nourishment it contains banishes fatigue, rebuilds and restores the nerves, and creates a new supply of energy and vitality.

Stimulants and drugs will not help you. These merely whip-up flagging energies and do no lasting good. Nourishment alone is the source of all energy and nervous force. Prepared from ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" supplies that nourishment correctly balanced for every need of body, brain and nerves.

Not only when you return home tired, but also at breakfast-time you will find a cup of "Ovaltine" wonderfully invigorating and sustaining. Taken just before retiring it ensures sound, restful sleep.

'OVALTINE'

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

P529

'I'll take this packet of Robin, too!'

—says Mrs. Rawlins

"We was right out of it last week at the Vicarage and I had to make do as well as I could, so I'm taking no risks this week. I always say I can get outside my washing in 'alf the time when I've got my Robin Starch. It's what I call a helpful starch. It's easy to work with. You mix it easy. Everything you need is ready in it and it makes your day's work something you can be proud of and go 'ome satisfied with when you've done. When anyone asks my advice about washing and ironing I always say, have your Reckitt's Blue by you, and your white things will keep a real proper white, and then use your Robin Starch for a good upstanding glossy finish."

RECKITT'S BLUE

AND

ROBIN

Starch

RECKITT & SONS, LTD., HULL AND LONDON

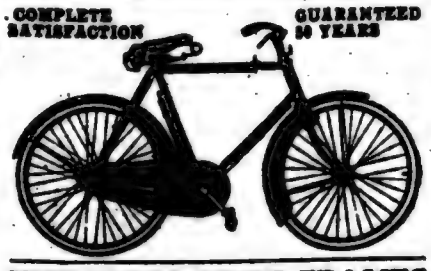
The Finest Cycle Value in England is Offered in **SELFRIDGE'S** *TOURIST MODEL*

9/3

with Order, and 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase of this super Bicycle.

Cash Price **£5.19.6** Carriage Paid

COMPLETE SATISFACTION — GUARANTEED 50 YEARS



WELDLESS STEEL FRAMES rust-proofed, beautifully enamelled and lined. All usual parts heavily plated or all weather finish same price.

Specification includes:

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.
RENOLD Half-inch PITCH CHAIN.
STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED.
OILBATH GEAR CASE.
VALANCED MUD GUARDS.
BLUEMEL 18"x1" PUMP. Solid Leather Tool Bag. Tools. Oiler and Reflector included Free.

Send at once for Illustrated List. SELFRIDGE & CO., OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.1.

There is nothing like

Hall's Wine

(TONIC & RESTORATIVE)

to overcome the dreadful depression and weakness

after Influenza

LARGE BOTTLE 5/6 SMALLER SIZE 3/3

685

THIS PLAN WILL BRING YOU £145 A YEAR FOR LIFE—From Age 55

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred have to provide for their own future. They have no rich relative to take the burden from their shoulders, and no business pension scheme to fall back upon.

Are you satisfied with the progress you yourself are making? Have you saved anything like enough to justify a belief that at 55 years of age you will be in a position to take things easier? What about your family should you, the breadwinner, be taken from them? The plan about to be explained will, if adopted without further delay, relieve you of all anxiety about the matter.

It is the best, the easiest and the surest way of providing both for your own later years and for your dependants.

Assuming your age to be 30 and you would like to provide for a private income of £145 a year for life, commencing at the age 55, this is how the plan works out. You make yearly or half-yearly deposits to the Sun Life of Canada (**the Great Annuity Co.**) of an agreed sum, and you get in return :—

£145 a Year for Life.

At 55 years of age the Sun Life of Canada will start paying you an income for life of a fixed sum—about £145 per annum—and you will receive this income every year as long as you live. Or, if you prefer it, you can have cash sum down of about £1,750. Of course, you haven't deposited anything like that sum. It's the profits that make it so large—profits heaped upon profits, accumulated over the entire period of the arrangement.

Income Tax Saved.

For every deposit you make you receive a rebate of Income Tax—a concession which will save you over £100 during the period, assuming the present rate of tax to continue. This is additional profit on the transaction.

£10 a Month if Unable to Work.

Applicable to residents of the British Isles, Canada, and United States.

If through illness or accident, you lose the power to earn a living, and the disability is permanent, you are excused from making any further deposits, and £10 per month will be paid to you until the £145 a year for life becomes due.

£1,000 for Your Family.

Should you not live to the age of 55, £1,000 plus accumulated profits will be paid to your family. If death results from an accident the sum would be increased to £2,000 plus the profits.

Any Age, Any Amount.

Though age 30 and £145 a year for life have been quoted here, the plan applies to any age and for any amount. Whatever your income, if you can spare something out of it, for your and your family's future, this plan is the best and most profitable method you can adopt.

£100,000,000 Assets.

The Sun Life of Canada (the Company which, in co-operation with employers, is responsible for protecting thousands of men and women under its **Group Life and Pension Policies**), has Assets of over £100,000,000, which are under Government supervision.

FILL IN AND POST THIS FORM TO-DAY.

To J. F. JUNKIN (Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
131, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street,
Trafalgar Square, London S.W.1.

Assuming I can save and deposit £..... per ....., please send me—without obligation on my part—full particulars of your endowment plan showing what income or cash sum will be available for me.

Name .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

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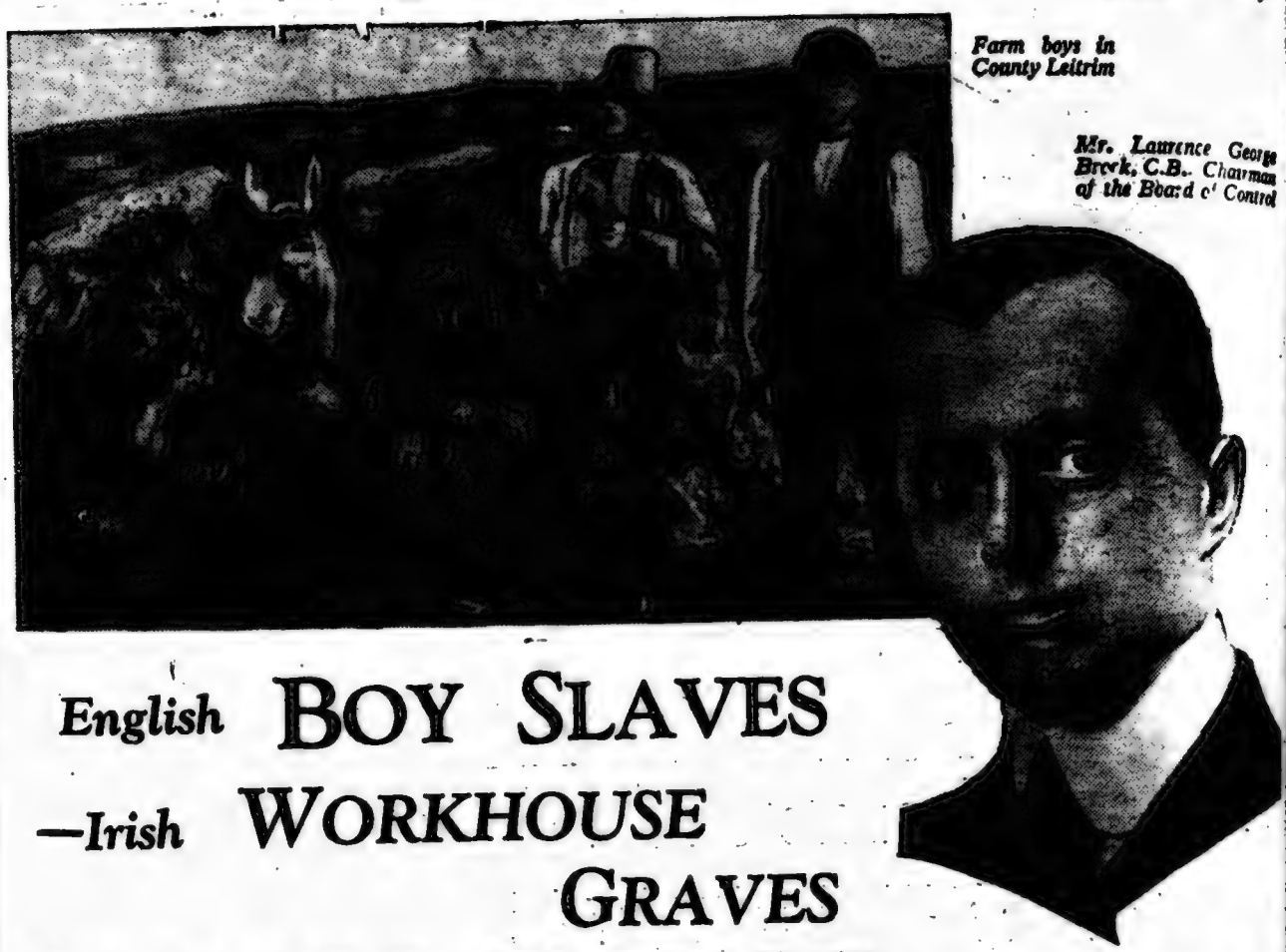
Occupation.....

(Exact date of Birth).....



Farm boys in County Leitrim

Mr. Laurence George Brock, C.B., Chairman of the Board of Control

English BOY SLAVES *—Irish* WORKHOUSE GRAVES

TWO British boy slaves have died this month in Ireland. They lie buried in paupers' graves in the grounds of an old workhouse.

This is a sober statement of fact, and the fruit of a foul and unjust system by which English "charitable" societies send young lads of eighteen to degrading bondage at the hands of Free State smallholders.

Here are the damning, inexorable facts.

Two years ago Patrick Maher, a boy from an English industrial school, was sent to Aughadruminshin, Co. Leitrim, where he entered the employ of a local farmer.

This man could only have obtained him by making application to England.

Recently the lad fell ill, and, when he did not recover his health, the farmer sent to the District Hospital, Carrick-on-Shannon, and asked that an ambulance should be sent to fetch him to that institution.

The ambulance came; Maher was placed in it on a stretcher; but before he arrived at the hospital he died.

The shock of the journey was too great for his shattered strength to endure.

Callous employer

The hospital matron notified Maher's employer of the tragedy. The man replied that he utterly declined to pay for the burial of this boy who had worked on his farm through two years.

So Patrick Maher lies under an alien sky in a pauper's grave.

Not a week later William Charles, another English lad, was admitted to the Carrick-on-Shannon Hospital.

He came from a farm near by that where Patrick Maher found his death, and arrived in the wards terribly emaciated and beyond the help of medical skill or tender nursing. For a few days he lingered. Then he, too, died.

Once more his employer refused to contribute a penny to the cost of his burial. And so another grave was dug in the old workhouse grounds at Carrick, and William Charles lies close beside Patrick Maher.

Such tragedies are not uncommon, it seems, in County Leitrim. Many English Industrial School boys, shipped to Irish farmers, come to the Carrick Hospital broken in health and spirit.

Their heartless employers even go so far as to tell the ambulance drivers who remove them that even if they recover they are not to be sent back.

Who is responsible for this system of slavery and death?

In part, of course, the small Irish farmers who employ the boys cannot be excluded from blame. Leitrim is a poor district, swarming with distress and unemployment.

Its small farmers struggle perpetually to "make both ends meet," and so they gladly agree to take boys from English Industrial Schools as farm hands, seeing that shelter, food, rough clothing and a "wage" of two shillings a week is all that they are asked to provide in exchange.

Many victims

But unless authorities in England were willing to export boy slaves on such disgraceful terms, the Irish farmers could not exploit them and drive them to crime, or even to their graves.

Who are to blame in England? Various societies, which interest themselves in boys from Industrial Schools, is the answer.

Many lads from Liverpool have been sent to County Leitrim, and not a few of them, their miserable wages unpaid, their bodies starved and underfed, have left the farmers who "imported" them and taken to a life of crime.

Mr. L. Everett, Chief Constable of Liverpool, from where many lads have been shipped to slavery

Naturally, before long they have appeared in the dock, and they have been lucky to do so, for on the Bench sits a great-hearted Irish gentleman, Mr. Justice J. H. Rice.

Again and again this fearless judge has denounced the slavery of English boys on Irish farms

While trying one case recently he declared "several instances have come before me where English boys have been brought over as apprentices to farming, but in reality as slaves."

The opinion of all decent Irishmen coincides with that of Mr. Justice Rice. Like him, they detest the long martyrdom to which these helpless lads are exposed.

Twice already this ulcer in our social system has been probed in "John Bull," and we shall not rest until it is healed.

A strong agitation has sprung up in Leitrim as a result of our own previous exposures and of similar scathing reports in the Irish Press, which demand the end of this wickedness.

Delicate and mentally deficient boys are sent to Ireland, broken by soul-destroying toil on stony farms, cast on the roadside by their masters, to drift helpless and hopeless into Leitrim's public institutions.

The Irish demand that the men who import such boys must be made to pay for their keep when they are obliged to enter public homes and hospitals is entirely just.

Slumbering Board

But such a demand does not go far enough. Ireland and England must combine to insist that this whole system be abolished root and branch, and that the unhappy lads at present in slavery be repatriated at their employers' expense.

The Board of Control, which is supposed to care for and educate every lad sent to an Industrial school, at present dozes in self-satisfied slumber while its charges are done to death on Irish farms.

This Board must immediately stop this traffic in our own flesh and blood. It must rigorously inquire into the question and discover which "charities" have been so long permitted to encourage this evil.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, is responsible to Parliament and the Nation for the conduct of the Board of Control.

Face facts

Though largely employed in defending the D.O.R.A. restrictions, which turn our daily lives into a Bedlam of nonsensical prohibition and nagging bans, Sir William is not really an inhumane individual.

Indeed, on many occasions connected with prison discipline and procedure he has shown a warm chord of heart.

We believe that once he realises what horrors of cruelty are perpetrated in his name by sending English boys to a slavery from which death from starvation is a happy release, he will co-operate with the Free State authorities to stop this thing once and for all.

Let him face the facts; let him prove how true and searching have been our exposures of this horror, and let him act swiftly and decisively.

The British Remedy for 50 years.

Owbridge's

Lung Tonic

FOR

COUGHS & COLDS

From Chemists and Stores everywhere,. 1/3 and 3/- per bottle.

Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd.,

Manufacturers, The Laboratory,

HULL.

Less than 3d. a day. — You ride as you pay!

WHITELEY'S FAMOUS KILDARE CLUB

The Cycle of Quality. Guaranteed for Ever.

6/- monthly or Cash Price **3.19.6**

Carriage Paid to England and Wales.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

All Black or Chromated Finish.

2½d. per day.

Specification includes:

DUNLOP TYRES and RIMS

HANS RENOLD CHAIN,

LYCETT 3-COIL SADDLE

STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED

OILBATH GEAR CASE

TOOL BAG, TOOLS, OIL-CAN AND PUMP.

MEN'S

SINGLE SPEED. £3 19 6.—6/- Monthly.

THREE SPEED. £4 17 6.—7/6 Monthly.

3-SPEED & OIL BATH. £5 12 6.—8/6 Monthly.

WOMEN'S

SINGLE SPEED. £4 6 0.—6/6 Monthly.

THREE SPEED. £5 6 0.—8/3 Monthly.

3-SPEED & OIL BATH. £5 19 6.—9/- Monthly.

Write To-day for Wonderful Catalogue "W" Post Free.

Wm. WHITELEY Ltd., *Cycle and Motor Cycle Depart., 3rd Floor,* QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.2

Every Woman

knows that growths of superfluous hair rob her of daintiness invite unwelcome glances. How to rid of such hair is a problem. ors only cause hair to grow faster thicker. Ordinary depilatories most objectionable. Millions of en have found Veet solves the blem. This velvety cream removes as if by magic. Whereas razors ordinary depilatories merely re- hair *above* the skin surface, melts the hair away *beneath* it. spread Veet on; wait a few utes, rinse it off and the hair is . Satisfaction guaranteed, or y returned. 1/6 and 3/ at all ists.

Size by post. In plain wrapper, stamps. The Health Laboratories, (Dept. 502S), 68, Bolsover Street, on, W.1.

VEET

REMOVES HAIR LIKE MAGIC

Trusty timekeepers for everyday use

Almost everybody and certainly every home needs a timekeeper that can be trusted to show the correct time *day and night.* Ingersoll Radiolite Watches and Clocks meet this need. Pocket and wrist watches for personal use, and alarm clocks for the home with self-luminous dials that show the time in the dark as well as in the light. Guaranteed accurate timekeepers, sturdily constructed to give years of day and night-time service Ingersoll Radiolite Watches and Clocks are obtainable from Ingersoll Accredited Agents everywhere at prices from 10/6 to 75/-

Ingersoll Radiolite

TELLS TIME DAY AND NIGHT

The models illustrated are the Ingersoll Leader Radiolite Watch 10/6 and the Ingersoll Pilgrim Radiolite Alarm Clock 10/6, the cheapest Radiolite watch and clock obtainable.

The Pilgrim Clocks are supplied in Nickel and four attractive colours.

10/6

Ingersoll Watch Co., Ltd., Ingersoll House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

WONDERFUL WIRELESS OFFER

The Graves 'Vulcan' 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Value & Efficiency. Every requisite is included, no extras are required, and full detailed instructions are sent with every set.

TEST IT AT HOME

10/6 NOW

Our Inclusive Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. Send 10/6 now, and complete purchase in 10 monthly payments of 10/6 if you are entirely satisfied after trying the outfit in your own home. Money back if in any way disappointed.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION Cabinet of polished figured Oak, beautifully finished with hinged lid. Mullard Dull Emitter Valves, anti-microphonic valveholders; H.T. Battery; 3-Volt Accumulator; Tuning Dials of exceptional capacity, and complete Aerial Outfit. LOUD SPEAKER specially constructed to co-operate with the Set, and Oak-grained to match the Cabinet. In both reception and reproduction it may be relied upon to give excellent results. The Set complete £7.17.6

CATALOGUE FREE. For complete description of this amazing 2-Valve Set, and other powerful instruments, write for Illustrated Catalogue to-day. Write Now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

THE **GRAVES 'BENEFIT' BALE**

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.' Have the Graves 'BENEFIT' Bale delivered Carriage Paid to your home, and judge its merits for yourself.

FINE BARGAIN OFFER

Comprising: 2 white super-quality Fleecy Blankets, Blue Borders, weight 7lbs., size 63x90ins; 2 coloured Fleecy Blankets, White borders, weight 5lbs., size 60 x 80ins; 1 coloured Alhambra Quilt, weight 3½lbs., size 72 x 94ins; 2 unbleached Grey Bolton Twill hemmed Sheets, weight 6lbs., size 70 x 99ins; 2 White Pillow Cases, size 20x30ins; 1 White Bolster Case, size 20x60ins.

50/-

5/- NOW

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 5/- now, and complete purchase in 9 monthly payments of 5/- Fullest approval.

Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd SHEFFIELD.

"Tremola"
(REGD)
SHIRTS COLLARS & PYJAMAS

A "Wemco" Fabric.

FOR comfort, appearance and wear, "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas excel all others at their price.
Handsome, fast colours, with excellent workmanship, they are made from a smooth, closely-woven fabric of proved durability. Ask your Hosier or Outfitter to show you "Tremola" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas for present-day wear.

See the Tab in every Garment. None Genuine without.. | Write to Dept. 15A, 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

Made by the makers of "TRICOLINE" SHIRTS, COLLARS and PYJAMAS.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP
Cures all Colds!

The first dose of "GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP" brings noticeable relief. The best safeguard against the ill effects of the most inclement weather. The unequalled remedy for coughs, colds, 'flu, and all bronchial troubles. Children love it—adults know there is no better or quicker cure

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Brady, of 23, Broughton Street, Belfast, says:—"I have been troubled with a bad attack of Bronchitis for some months, and have tried many remedies, but nothing seemed to give any relief until one day I decided to try 'GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP.' Before I had taken half the bottle I felt great relief. I continued until I had taken three bottles and now I am completely cured."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from F. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17, price 1/9 and 3/3, post free.

He May be a CROOK, but

HE'S MY MAN!

The love story of a burglar's wife

Even her husband's steely kindness cannot dispel the shadow of the prison house

DOES the knowledge that a man is a "crook" diminish a woman's love for him? The following remarkable confession, the truth of which we and several prominent legal men can vouch for, would go to prove that if a woman's affection is deep enough, it will overcome her natural repugnance to the other side of the man's character.

Mary Dunkley is no more than thirty now and not at all hardened, yet not long ago she appeared regularly at the gates of Brixton Prison at meal-times, with whatever extra comforts the regulations permitted her to send in to her husband, who was being held on remand on a charge of loitering.

Here is her story.

* * *

My husband is a professional burglar. Any shamefaced considerations are outweighed by the memory, never to be effaced, of the appalling misery I suffered with my first husband from whom the burglar, who is my second husband, rescued me.

I had a lonely girlhood. My mother, who was churchgoing rather than religious, had so secluded me from all healthy friendships, that when I gained more freedom by her death I was more ignorant and foolishly romantic than most girls of the age of twenty-five.

Short-lived romance

My father, a professional man, had few ties of influence or affection for me.

He permitted me to take the couple of hundred pounds which had been left to me by my mother and go for a holiday to a Welsh hydro.

Here was freedom and the great world at last! Surely a handsome young man would find me out!

A young man did turn up very soon. He came from somewhere near Birmingham, wore a yachting cap, and drove along the coast roads at a great pace and in a different car nearly every day.

I never suspected that Alec Cooper was the younger son of some small garage proprietor, and that the motor-cars belonged to their clients.

He proposed when he discovered that I had money, and I accepted him.

Before we had been married long he discovered that the sum of money I possessed was much smaller than he expected.

He became abusive and soon his conduct settled down to a course of cruelty and unfaithfulness.

Night of horror

We drifted ever to cheaper lodgings, and Alec became steadily worse, heaping on me every humiliation that a drunken beast could imagine.

It was a peculiarity of Alec Cooper's disease-warped brain when in his drinking bouts that he became furiously jealous of my conduct.

Returning one night from some drunken debauch, he fumbled at the door of the room in a large tenement house where we were then living.

As the door fittings were old and did not open immediately, he kicked angrily against the door, and so jammed it completely.

I was cowering inside while he was cursing and shouting that I had the door locked against him.

After kicking and shouting for some time he quietened down, and I hoped that he had fallen into a stupor.

Suddenly I heard a crash at the window, and turned to see my husband clambering through.

He had reached the window by way of the roof of a shed in the back yard. A swing of his fist sent me reeling across the room, and he was in the act of looking around for something with which to strike me when I shook off my terror sufficiently to scream for help.

Several neighbours were clustering anxiously outside the door already, but it resisted all their efforts to force it open.

Just as I collapsed in despair before the brute, a spare but active man of about forty years of age came through the window with great agility.

Alec turned furiously on the intruder, who hastily took something like a spanner from the pocket of his neat dark overcoat, and, easily avoiding my husband's clumsy rush, felled him with a blow on the side of the head.

The rescuer

Then, straightening his cap, he turned to the window again. "I'm not going," he said to quieten my fears. "I'm just going to open the door from the outside—save explanations."

He went, and after what seemed ages I heard him approach the group outside the locked door. I heard the woman from the flat below say, "You shouldn't have waited to dress, Mr. Dunkley; I think he's killed the poor girl by this time."

There followed a minute of workmanlike rattling at the door before it scraped open and the capable and self-possessed Mr. John Dunkley entered, while the neighbours swayed backwards and forwards behind him with fear and curiosity.

I think they were rather disappointed to see me sitting on the bed without some terrible injuries—only a quite ordinary black eye.

When they saw Alec Cooper lying stretched on the floor they brightened up considerably. Someone sent for the police and they carried him out to the infirmary looking more dead than alive.

Meanwhile, I had recognised my deliverer as the quiet lodger from the top of the house, who was only seen about when he brought down the ash bucket at night or did the morning's shopping.

His mother was a complete invalid, but her son saw that she suffered no inconvenience. Now he took me up to the old woman's room, and brought me some hot tea.

After that night events seemed to fall into place inevitably. Alec's injuries were quite slight, but the accumulated effects of his years of drinking and evil living came on him in the form of disease and mania.

He lingered for a month in the infirmary and then quite suddenly he died.

Dramatic confession

He had spent all my money, and there was nowhere for me to go. Old Mrs. Dunkley wouldn't hear of me leaving them, and her son, too, was anxious for me to stay. But before asking me to marry him he made a confession.

His story was that he had been in the engineering trade. Conditions became very bad and he could not bear to see his mother in want. During a prolonged spell of unemployment he decided deliberately to capitalise the knowledge that was now apparently useless.

A skilled mechanic, sober, and working alone, he became a very competent cat-burglar. He told me that his mother knew nothing of this, but he felt he must tell me before asking me to marry him.

I knew he had done wrong, but I did marry him, and I have never regretted it. He is a burglar, but he is a model husband. He stays indoors most of the day, and although he is studious enough for reading to take up a great deal of his time, he seems to be thinking always of me and our home—we have moved to a little place in Kennington.

Of course, he has a particular gift for keeping the doors and windows in good condition, and when he climbs the windows he is so sure-footed that I am never alarmed in case he should fall!

There are still shadows of anxiety that even my husband's steady kindness cannot lighten. They all centre verge to the one great fear, namely that I may one day lose him for a "long stretch."

But as industrial conditions brightening John keeps his eyes on old trade, and long before old cramps the elasticity of his and unfits him for strenuous "work," he hopes to drift into light employment.

Lasting love

He tells me that his years of dependence have fitted him for an executive position more than would a of routine in the trade shops, but is prompted by his desire to put good face on things.

I shall be glad to see that day crime doesn't pay in the long but come what may, my love for husband will remain steadfast.

* * *

And that is why Mary Dunkley walks down the long avenue from tramway to Brixton Jail with basket in her hand and goes through the grim double gates, and into the bleak little waiting-room, with expression of cheerful constancy.

Fire! Storm! Flood! Sickness! Accident! "John Bull" covers you free. See page 38.

COMPANY MEETING.

BOVRIL AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

Presiding at the Thirty-second Annual General Meeting of Bovril, Limited, held on Tuesday, Feb. 16, at River Plate House, London, the Chairman, Sir George Lawson Johnston, said that in a competition recently promoted by the *Daily Mail* to encourage amateur advertisers, no fewer than 3,600 entries for Bovril advertisements were sent in. Some of the suggestions they had used in their publicity work, some they had not, although they had given a good deal of private amusement. One suggestion, accompanied by an appropriate sketch, showed a Bovril bottle knocking the letter "L" out of the word "Influenza." Another design depicted Samson reclining in his tent asleep, with Delilah standing beside him holding a large bottle of Bovril in her hand, listening to the voice of a Philistine outside urging her to "leave his hair, Delilah, but take his Bovril."

They were still keeping up their weekly, or, at any rate, fortnightly, change of slogan, and most of them must have seen a good many examples. Some of them might not have seen a new one now appearing on railway platforms which read: "Before the next (s)train, take Bovril."

15,000 BOVRIL SHAREHOLDERS.

In spite of their large stocks of cattle and millions of acres of land in Australia, they had failed to make a profit there of late, but it was their intention to persist, largely because Australia was British. He would, however, point out, that expenditure on pioneer work and development must hold out a real chance of profit, otherwise directors would not fairly risk capital that was entrusted to them, and capital in the case of Bovril Limited meant the pooled shillings and pounds of over 15,000 holders.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S., said the shareholders must be gratified to note that the sales had maintained a high level through the period of acute industrial depression through which the country was passing. The unemployment figures were depressing, and in the classes above those from which he enumerated unemployed were drawn there had been pinching and an impoverished larder. If the people could be weighed as well as counted, he was sure the national loss of flesh would be dissed with, perhaps, some deferred effects of an unfavourable kind on the national health, for, as Sir George Newman, the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, had just said in his report—and no higher authority could be quoted—"Nutrition is the one thing needful."

At a time like the present, when incomes had been reduced, and the country being harried by a disastrous epidemic, it was of the utmost importance that every ounce of food taken should yield its full contribution to nutrition and to body-building, and hence the value of the service that Bovril, as a bodybuilder, could render.

ACIDITY CAUSES STOMACH TROUBLES

Stomach pains and inability to retain food often mean nothing more than indigestion resulting from gas and excess acidity. Gas distends the stomach, causing that full, oppressive feeling, while the acidity irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach. The whole trouble arises from the fermentation, which is not natural, but most dangerous if not corrected to. To prevent or stop fermentation and neutralise the acids, half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia should be taken in a quarter of a glass of water immediately after eating, or whenever there is pain or fullness is felt. 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be obtained from all chemists at 1s. 3d., and is also sold in tablet form at the same price, so it need cost you little to get rid of all acid-caused stomach troubles and to avoid them in future.

NOTE: *'Bisurated' Magnesia powder is also available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both give instant relief.*

Tax, Insurance, Licence, Garage, paid for one year.

FREE

YOUR OWN INITIALS IN GOLD

and the opportunity of winning one of these

PRIZES

THIS SPRING, the makers of Robbialac Enamel and Brushing Robbialoid again ask you to accept their novel and attractive gift—a set of your own initials in rich English Gold.

These handsome initials take the convenient form of special transfers, simple to affix and worthy to decorate your cycle, tennis racquet, attaché case, the doors of a car or anything that calls for identification and deserves embellishment. They are quite free; your acceptance entails no obligation whatsoever—but *may make you the winner of a car this season.*

With your Gold Initials, you will receive a Colour Chart and Entry Forms entitling you to the special opportunity of winning one of the fine prizes shown above. These cars and motor cycles are all to be given in the Robbialac Colour Ballot. Fill in the Coupon below and send to-day for your Free Gifts and full particulars of this simple and entertaining contest.

When filling in your Coupon remember to ask for booklets describing the delightful things you yourself can do with Robbialac Enamel and Brushing Robbialoid — the renovation of Cycles, Motor Cycles and Cars; the rejuvenation of Furniture, Fittings, and all the little things in your home.

The following are offered as prizes in the Robbialac Colour Ballot. Every prize will include, Tax, Licence, Insurance and Garage FREE for one year.

HUMBER, 9.28 h.p.
4-Seater Saloon

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12 h.p. SALOON

CLYNO, 12 h.p.
4-Seater TOURER

SINGER, 8 h.p.
SUNSHINE SALOON

AUSTIN "SEVEN"
COUPE

DOUGLAS, 5.9 h.p.
Motor Cycle & Sidecar

TRIUMPH, 2.7 h.p.
Solo Model

COUPON

Enclose this Coupon in an unsealed envelope and post under ½d. stamp to—
DEPT. F.32 ROBBIALAC WORKS,
STRATFORD, LONDON, E.15

Kindly forward me free and post free two gold transfers of my own initials as shown, also full particulars of the Robbialac Colour Ballot, together with Colour Chart and special Entry Forms entitling me to become a participant. Please enclose also the booklets marked below with an "X."

Full instructions for enamelling a ..... *(Fill in initials here)*

(A) Cycle..... (B) Motor Cycle..... (C) Car with Robbialac.....

(D) 24-page Illustrated Booklet of novel hints on using Robbialac for all the painting jobs you do yourself.

(E) Leaflet telling how the veriest amateur can get a perfect Cellulose finish with Brushing Robbialoid.

Name .....

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The Perfect Enamel

&

BRUSHING ROBBIALOID

The New Cellulose Finish

183

THE Cuticura Treatment of the Skin and Hair

.... is so simple and yet so satisfying in its results that it soon becomes an essential part of the daily toilet. The cleansing and healing potency of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment is a delight to all.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d.
For sample each address:
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PARENTHOOD:
DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?
A Manual of
Birth Control
By MICHAEL FIELDING
Preface by H. G. WELLS *Five Diagrams*

"An ideal synopsis of birth control theory and technique. The anatomical descriptions are lucid and the contraceptive methods are sound and described so minutely that there can be no possibility of a mistake."
St. Bart's Hospital Journal.

Paper 1s. Postage 1d. in 1s. Cloth 2s. 6d.
The Labour Publishing Co., Ltd. Dept. JB.27
38, Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.1.

Two extra to-day baker

It's like offering a bun to a bear to expect one Currant Loaf to satisfy the Sinclair family at tea-time—they all have such appetites for Currant Bread. After all, it's false economy to be sparing with such a wholesome and delicious treat. Let all the family eat as much Currant Bread as they can, but always insist on *real* Currants because *real* Currants contain the greatest food value of all dried fruits.

Make
CURRANT BREAD
your daily bread

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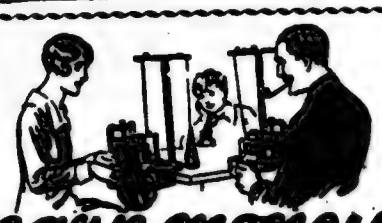

earn money at home like this

Here is a profitable hobby to banish dullness these cold nights, when the fireside is the best place. Such a fascinating hobby, too, knitting beautiful things on the Imperia Knitter to bring money for holidays and happiness when the sunshine comes again. You can make a pound or two pounds a week just in spare time, and always have money for the things you want. We show you how to work the **IMPERIA KNITTER**, and at once you can begin to earn. There is no risk about it, no worry, no uncertainty of any kind, because

We Guarantee To Buy Your Work

at good rates, or you can sell to private customers and shops as well if you want to, and so build up a splendid little home business, with a sure income for life. All sorts of beautiful and useful articles can be produced from Hosiery to Jumpers and even Knitted Costumes. You may do a little now and then and have money to save, or you can make it your occupation and earn

A Good and Regular Income

as hundreds of others are doing. Always there is the certainty that your work will be bought as fast as you produce it. Our WORK-BUYING GUARANTEE goes with every machine, the cost is most moderate, and, if you desire it, easy terms can be arranged.

Don't Miss This Chance

The **IMPERIA KNITTER** is the latest perfection of Knitting Machines, imitated but never equalled. Its speed is wonderful, its work perfect, and it is so easy to operate. If you can't call at our showrooms and see the **IMPERIA KNITTER** in action, write without delay for

Beautiful Illustrated Free Book

Read it, study it. It opens up a sure way to a regular income for man or woman at all times, freedom from money worries and the risk of unemployment.

Imperia Hosiery Manfg. Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 2) 245, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

The smoke-room of the White Star Liner "Majestic"

Sir Arthur Rostron, K.B.E., has just been presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. As Commodore of the Cunard Fleet and Captain of the "Berengaria," he knows all the card sharks who prey on the "Atlantic Ferry"

Cardroom SHARKS *and* RED-HOT POKER

A CERTAIN internationally observed regulation has long made every ocean liner a fairly safe hunting-ground for the activities of the card-sharper, the professional gambler and the confidence trickster.

All steamship companies are what is known as "common carriers." They are compelled by law to sell a ticket to any person who can afford to buy one, provided his papers are in order.

The regulation provides no other exceptions, and the captain of a ship is powerless to add any on his passengers' behalf. The most he can do to protect his passengers is to warn them, by posting notices in all public rooms in the ship, against playing cards with people they don't know.

He can also print a statement in the passenger list, which everyone gets, to the effect that crooks are travelling, if such is the case.

The first move of the shark is to strike an acquaintanceship with a likely victim. If he is a well-known man, that makes it all the easier.

The big business men, shrewd, hard-headed, keen judges of their kind, are particularly good "suckers." For some mysterious reason they usually leave their brains on shore.

A *shark routed*

One big business man of recent years proved an exception to the rule. He is Sir William Morris, Bart., the multi-millionaire motor-car manufacturer.

He met the sharks at their own game and beat them. After being chased all round the ship for a couple of days, he suddenly turned on one of the pursuing gentry and offered him a cigar.

"I don't play cards," he announced, pulling out a coin. "But I'll toss you for sovereigns for two hours."

The offer was accepted with alacrity. Sir William spun the first coin and lost. At the end of an hour he was £150 down. At the end of the two hours he was £2 in.

"Shall we go on for another couple of hours?" he smiled.

"No, thanks," gasped his opponent.

It was a very hot day. Sir William's staying powers and the law of averages had reduced the gambler to a state of utter exhaustion.

Sir William has never been troubled since.

In striking up an acquaintanceship with the "suckers" the gangs use a variety of methods. One famous free-lance from Liverpool always sails wearing a clerical rig-out.

His favourite "sucker" is the rich Daddy. Marking down his children, he at once proceeds to ingratiate himself with them, and no man is better at keeping kiddies amused.

He takes no interest at all in the children's parent until that day when he fails to appear. Then Daddy receives a polite note explaining that the "Rev. Mr. Willoughby" or "Cavendish," as the case may be, has been romping a little too much and has rather overdone things.

Cunning snares

Daddy rushes off to the "cleric's" cabin to sympathise. He discovers one or two other "parents" there. It seems that Mr. Willoughby has not confined his attentions only to Daddy's children.

The other "parents," of course, are Mr. Willoughby's confederates. In a very short time Daddy finds himself linked by the arm with a to all intents and purposes wealthy business man issuing a joint invitation to Mr. Willoughby to come along that evening for a compensatory banquet.

Mr. Willoughby demurs just long enough and the bargain is clinched, with Daddy one of the parties to it.

It takes a lot of persuasion to make Mr. Willoughby play poker or some other card game that evening, but he eventually capitulates "just for the fun of it!" and books Daddy as the friend who will put him wise. Daddy isn't too sure, of course, that his knowledge of cards extends that far. But he accepts—and loses.

One of the most expert card-sharpers of the brotherhood was assuredly a wizard at dealing cards. He one day found himself in Wandsworth Prison. Lord Falkland was Deputy-Governor of the prison at the time, and he visited the man in his cell.

Prisoner's boast

"I suppose you think, sir," the man said, "that a card-sharper cheats at every deal? I do not cheat once a week because it is unnecessary and I am such a fine card-player. I can even deal in suits."

Some sharks employ women as confederates, particularly on the Orient routes. A certain highly placed official who made the acquaintance of one of these ladies travelling home found himself poorer by a thousand pounds by the time the ship was docked at Tilbury.

On the third day out his companion lost her handbag. A young man came to the official's cabin with the bag in his hand. He explained he had found it underneath a deck-chair.

At the suggestion of the lady, the official invited the young man to dinner a day or two later.

It seems the young man was engaged by a private firm of jewellers in London. His job was to visit Indian Princes with a view to selecting some of their best stones for cutting and setting.

As an example of his work he produced one of the stones from a small leather bag, which he explained was his "commission" for his work.

The official's lady companion went into ecstasies about it. Very gallantly, the young man offered it to her.

But the official would not hear of it, and the sum of five hundred pounds was agreed upon, and the stone was handed over.

That night the young man encountered a friend. He introduced him to the official as "one of the richest men in Singapore."

Lady-player's tears

Another man came in and a game of poker was arranged, and before shortly the official had been relieved of nearly £500.

The next deal put him in possession of an almost unbeatable hand. He had no more money available, but gave as security the valuable stone he had bought for his lady companion. The hand was beaten.

The stone was handed over by the "lady" with tears and lamentations. She was not, however, quite as good an actress as she believed herself to be, and the official's suspicions were aroused.

He went to the purser. That official was sympathetic, but pointed out that a wireless message to the port would mean considerable publicity.

The lady companion and the bogus placed official had parted for ever before the ship berthed, one almost ruined, the other many hundred pounds up as her share in the haul.

But, generally speaking, business is not too good these days, for the brethren who infest ocean liners.

The sea is gradually giving up its crooks. Many of the more notorious ones are practically retired, though some still linger on in the fast mail boats where the official experience leads to ways and means of dealing with them is still in its early stages.

A REMARKABLE CLOTHING OFFER

Greater variety, better quality, bigger value—and now a £500 Personal Insurance Certificate absolutely free! This wonderful offer is attracting thousands of new customers to the K.C. Tailoring Service. K.C. suits are made to measure from high-grade cloths with good quality linings and trimmings. The prices are the keenest on record, and the easy payment method is simplicity itself. You can order by post and be sure of a perfect fit. The K.C. Guarantee assures you of complete satisfaction or your money back. Study the K.C. offers and save money! Send the coupon below for the K.C. 1929 Patterns, Illustrated Style Booklets, and particulars of our £500 Free Insurance Gift. No obligation—post it to-day.

PRICES FROM 55/-
or by instalments for
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The Quality Tailors of Manchester

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To KENYON-CLARKE, Ltd.
Brown Street, Market Street, MANCHESTER.
Please send me the K.C. 1929 Patterns, Illustrated Style Booklets, Self-Measurement Chart, and particulars of your £500 Free Insurance Offer.
*NAME .....
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*Please write clearly in capital letters. If unsealed envelope is used, only ½d. stamp need be used.

THE PORTABLE with the 15 GUINEA CABINET TONE

A big claim—but one you can prove to your own satisfaction by a demonstration. To hear the LISSENOLA play is to gain an entirely new conception of volume and tonal purity. Against a background of utter silence the rich bass notes are as soul-stirring as organ pipes. The high notes are as clear as a bugle call.

The LISSENOLA actually plays like many a 15 Guinea Cabinet Model, yet it can be yours for only £3 7s. 6d. And has the added advantage of portability. A joy in the home. You can take it with you anywhere—to your friends, on your holidays, picnics, etc.

Exclusive Features: Exceptionally long horn, unusually sensitive sound box, precise speed dial regulator, etc.

Demonstrations without obligation and convenient terms.

Send postcard and we will post you fully illustrated list, full particulars of convenient payment terms and name and address of your nearest dealer.

LISSEN LIMITED
WORPLE ROAD ISLEWORTH MIDDLESEX

Here's My Price
From £3-15-s. CASH, or 2/- WEEKLY

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry-built Cycles at POUNDS BELOW usual prices. Absolutely GENUINE REDUCTIONS have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1929 Models, any of which I will send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, Carr. Paid, on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. MY FREE LISTS will convince you, so write NOW for a copy and Choose Your Cycle from the Largest Selection in the World.

Edward O'Brien Ltd
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, Dept. 6 COVENTRY.

Free Sample

THIS generous offer to the public by the proprietors of Wincarnis of a free trial bottle of this great well-tested national tonic, will be welcomed by the many people who require a thorough building up after Influenza.

In particular is this offer addressed to sufferers from Influenza, Bronchitis, etc; to whom for more than fifty years Wincarnis has been such a trusty friend.

Time after time this great national tonic has warded off Influenza, has fought chills, and has kept away the feverish colds that lead to real disaster.

A famous Harley Street Physician *writes*:

"In this season of Influenza, Catarrh, and sudden chills, I order a glass or two of Wincarnis to be taken daily to keep tissue resistance at a sufficiently high index to fully repel the sudden and insidious invasion of germs and toxin associated with these disorders."

Signed ..... M.D., L.R.C.P., B.Ch.

It takes 2½ lbs. of the choicest wine grapes to make a bottle of Wincarnis. To this is added VITAMIN MALT EXTRACT, strengthening BEEF EXTRACT, and a wonderful HYPOPHOSPHITE NERVE TONIC. It MUST DO YOU GOOD.

These free trial bottles have set thousands on the road to health and may be the beginning of a new era of health, strength and happiness for you.

Send this coupon to-day—many, many times you will have reason to be thankful you did so!

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

COUPON

Send this coupon for a sample bottle of Wincarnis, enclosing (in a sealed 1½d. stamped envelope) 4d. in stamps to cover postage and packing, addressed to

Coleman & Co., Ltd.
(Dept 10) Wincarnis Works,
Norwich.

Name ..... [Mr., Mrs. or Miss.]
Address .....
Town .....
County .....

Aldwych

"I gave up business when I married, but I've saved £100 the first year"

"Tom wouldn't hear of my staying on at business after we got married, though we knew there'd be little left for saving once our regular expenses were paid. As a matter of fact, I soon found out that things would be really serious if I couldn't do something myself to help matters along. It wouldn't have been fair to Tom to go back to business again, even if my old post hadn't been filled; but I realised that I just *must* ease the strain of the constant dipping into our small savings to meet the payments on our house, furniture and insurance as they fell due. I could see that, as our nest-egg dwindled, Tom got more and more worried, though he never said anything. Then I had a wonderful stroke of luck! In 'John Bull' I saw an invitation to women like myself to write to The Secretary, Room 29H, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, for full details of the way in which to earn that extra money we could so well do with. You can guess I didn't waste any time. And by return I received the information that has changed our whole life and future prospects. Within a few weeks money worries were things of the past. My earnings have helped us out a dozen times in the past year, and wasn't Tom surprised when I showed him my bank book last week!"

Readers who write to the Secretary, Room 29H, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, will receive by return of post full interesting details of modern woman's best way of earning extra money in spare hours in her own home.

Mr. J. McGowan, 11, Main St., Blackrock, Co. Dublin, who was saved from an operation for Varicose Veins.

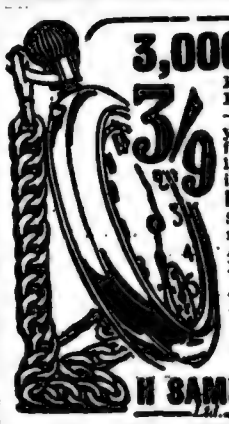
'Healing is Believing'

Tormented with varicose legs, Mr. J. McGowan found complete relief in Clarke's Blood Mixture. To other sufferers he recommends the remedy that has been famous as a Blood purifier for more than 70 years. He *tried* it and proved its worth. Benefit by his experience. Just as good for Abscesses, Swollen Glands & Eczema.

3/- per bottle—Six times the quantity, 12/-

Clarke's Blood Mixture

When outward application is also required, Use CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE.



3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

Beautiful Rings, Bangles Pendants, Watches, &c. —examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory, illustrated in H.Samuel's **BIG FREE BOOK!** Send a postcard for it now; BUY DIRECT AND SAVE MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS!

Any Article Sent C.O.D. This fine Nickelled Watch, fully warranted, Post Free **3/9**

One Payment Only With handsome chain 4/6

H. SAMUEL (Dept. 199), Market St., Manchester.

Should She Reveal HER FATHER'S SECRET

when to speak would plunge two homes in misery?

I AM a girl on the indoor staff of a big insurance company. Recently, owing to the illness of an agent, I was asked to do some collecting in a country district.

I set off with a very light heart. The weather was keen and crisp and the prospect of a day or two spent in the open was delightful.

My spirits rose with every call. The last on my books was a pretty corner cottage that appealed to me as an ideal place for married life. I am engaged to a dear boy and I wove my dreams about this place and thought how happy we should be if we could begin in such a spot.

It was just as attractive inside. A refined-looking woman of a different class from the fish-wives opened the door, with two bonny children, perfect darlings, peeping round to see who had called.

MOTHER and children were just sitting down to tea and she, remarking that I was tired after my walk, asked me to stay. I accepted very gladly, and she was so nice and pleasant we were soon chatting away like old friends.

She told me her husband was a commercial traveller so she did not have him at home as much as she wished. She said, with a laugh, that unlike many women she wanted him at home, for he was so very kind, and they were lovers still.

He was also passionately devoted to the children and they to him; but she would show me his portrait, just taken, and I could judge how like him they were.

She did so, and my heart stood still. *It was the photograph of my own father, a splendid likeness.*

Now, my dear mother is a helpless invalid, bedfast and has been for years. She can do nothing for herself. At home father has never shown by word or sign that he murmurs at this.

He is always, when at home, kindness and gentleness itself. His absences were explained by his business. I confess that until this awful moment I never thought of his side of the tragedy of mother's invalidism.

He would be considered a young man still and is big, hale and jolly. His behaviour towards mother is, and always has been, perfect, and his care makes her as happy as it is possible for her to be in the circumstances.

I HAVE always respected as well as loved him, but now—I don't know.

Shall I keep silent about my discovery or shall I tell? What about my own fiancé in view of this disgrace? Would you advise silence?

"HUMANIST" says: Yes. I certainly do advise you to keep silence. You found out another's secret by accident and you must not upset all these people, least of all your invalid mother, by betraying it. It is not a pleasant secret to nurse, but that has no bearing on your problem.

Ask yourself, what good you can do by talking—and you will see the answer is, none.

VALET'S NIGHTMARE

of prolonged blackmail

WHEN I was a youth it was the ardent wish of my parents that I should take Holy Orders. To further this end I was installed in a monastery and there, for some time, I remained as a novice, very secluded and apart from the world.

I did not, however, find the life to my taste and so eventually left.

My life apart seemed to have unfitted me for anything but private service. I obtained a post as valet.

One of the maids in the house was an orphan, and that, at first, drew my attention to her, as when others talked of their homes and relatives, she seemed lonely.

We grew very friendly, and when she left to take another post I called, now and again, to see her. On one of these occasions she showed me a bracelet which she said the son of the house had given her. I thought it funny, but dismissed it from my mind as, after all, it might have been a careless gift just for some domestic service rendered.

On other evenings when we were alone in the kitchen together she would bring out whisky and other spirits, and though I took some I never lost my senses, and I began to suspect she was not all she ought to be.

I cooled off, and when I, too, obtained a new post, ceased to correspond.

Later I could have been knocked down with a feather when this girl, having discovered my address, wrote to me saying she was an expectant mother and that I was the father. Was I going to marry her?

If I intended to jilt her she threatened she would tell my employer and my career as a respectable and sedate "gentleman's gentleman" would be ruined.

THE irony of all this is better understood in the light of my monastic training, which I swear I have never yet dishonoured and never will. It was, however, no good arguing with this girl. She held the means to ruin my career, to blacken my character and even turn my family against me.

So I got a special licence, married her, settled her in rooms and—left her. I have never lived with her and never will. The child died at birth, and, to my horror, I have the doctor's opinion that the loose life lived by the mother was responsible.

My "wife," in name only, is a bad character, but with sufficient address and cunning to make my life horrible. For three years I have lived in a nightmare of blackmail.

My master is one of the best. He is a confirmed bachelor, who apparently prizes my services more because he believes me to be the same. I should have every prospect of being in the situation for life but for this woman, who now threatens, if I do not pay up more handsomely each week, to inform my master that I am a married man.

I have ample evidence for divorce, but dare not institute proceedings, as that would betray my secret. So what do you advise me to do?

"HUMANIST" says: Do not submit to blackmail. Take your master into your confidence and ask his assistance to obtain a divorce.

As a confirmed bachelor he ought to be sympathetic, and I cannot believe that if you are a good servant he will part with you because you have been victimised by a loose woman.

Calm

is like a
cooling hand
upon a fevered brow;
it soothes and brings composure 'midst the turmoil and the row. It dwells on hills, in vale and glen, but best of all, you'll find, it dwells in ev'ry living soul ... who keeps an ordered mind.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

RUNAWAY MATCH

drives parents to despair

OURS is a dual distress. We are perhaps what the world would term "old fogies," but a contented married couple nevertheless. Our home has always been happy. It has carried a cheerful atmosphere that, so far as bickering and harsh words are concerned, has never been disturbed. Joy was complete when our baby girl was born, and through all the eighteen years of her life we have treasured her as the apple of our eye. We looked forward, as sensible parents do, to the day when she should be engaged and married. We hoped that the years would bring us grandchildren to carry on the family.

Imagine, then, the awful, crushing blow we sustained when at the beginning of this year those hopes were, in a moment, dashed to the ground.

It came, hours later, in the form of a letter. Our girl had gone to London, accompanied by a young man to whom, for months past, we had taken exception. (He worked in the catering trade, but was often out of work because, we heard on good authority, he is bone lazy.)

THE letter told us that our daughter was living with another girl, but, profoundly uneasy, we took the first possible train to discover the truth for ourselves.

It was only too apparent that my daughter was living with this man in furnished apartments and posing as his wife.

Nothing we could say would persuade her to leave him. She said, should we insist, she should merely run away from home and rejoin him at the first opportunity. Well, one cannot padlock a daughter in the home these days; so, with breaking hearts, we had to leave her.

Letters telling woeful tales of poverty are now arriving. Apparently our daughter has pawned her fur coat and most of her warm clothing for food.

WE are distressed beyond measure; indeed, the wife is quite ill with the worry. We are not well enough off to keep paying off the debt of a scoundrel, but if our daughter would return home we would make an effort to pay what she owes in order to release her.

Will you advise us in our awful trouble? If our daughter would sever this unholy connection we would receive her with open arms, and never refer to the past. But both the wife and I feel we cannot finance a life of sin and folly.

"HUMANIST" says: And quite rightly. Go again to London and arrange for your wife to have a confidential talk alone with the girl.

She may be in some deep trouble of which, as yet, you know nothing.

If not, and she will not listen for reason, you must leave her, at present, to face the consequences of her folly.

As you say, you can't finance the rascality of her partner, but you can, and must, assure your daughter that the door of her home will be open whenever she repents.

Its flavour wins favour

Order HOVIS as a change and before very long you'll eat it as a habit.

HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

Neave's Food makes babies bonny and protects them from wasting, Diarrhœa and Rickets. No more crying or teething troubles because Neave's nourishes and gives healthy sleep.

Price 6d., 1/8 and 3/9 everywhere.

They ALL do well on

Neave's

The BEST Infant Food

"I'M VERY WORRIED."

For the man who has exposed himself to chances of venereal infection and is worried by disquieting symptoms, there is only one safe thing to do, and that is to get reliable medical advice and get it AT ONCE.

Symptoms which appear trivial in themselves may be the forerunners of the most dreaded diseases of the human race, diseases which may ruin not only one life but many.

Consult your own doctor, or apply for free consultation under conditions of secrecy at the Out-Patients' Department of the nearest Hospital.

Further information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his assistant will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 6.30 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these times.

Write for six useful Booklets for Parents, 1s. 6d. the Set. Four useful Booklets for Girls, 2d. the Set. Four useful Booklets for Young Men, 1s. 3d. the set. All post free in plain cover.

Issued by the British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, a responsible body recognised by the Government. Secretary-General: S. Neville Rolfe, C.B.E.

Saves you £££!

Direct from Factory to rider. The greatest cycle bargain in the world. Hard wearing, easy running and beautifully finished. Easy terms from 5/- deposit. Carriage paid anywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full. Write to-day for free illustrated catalogue and particulars of 15 days' free riding trial.

Prices from £3-19-6 CASH

Dept. B749 Birmingham

WILLS'S CAPSTAN

NAVY CUT

CIGARETTES

Mild, Medium & Full Strengths

10 for 6d.

20 for 11½d.

CC 192

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked – In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Ryders NOTICE!

THE BITTER FROST we have had is a blessing in disguise. It will do more good to our gardens than anyone dreams of; **purifying**, **cleansing** and **enriching** the soil. The universal experience is that a bitter Winter is always followed by a wonderful Spring and Summer.

Orders for seeds should not be delayed, but should be given immediately, so that work can begin directly the soil is ready.

Our large edition of catalogues is being exhausted, but we can promise a copy by return if it is asked for at once—write to-day.

Kindly mention this paper.

RYDER & SON

(1920) LIMITED,

SEED MERCHANTS,

St. Albans

YOU CAN NOW

enjoy the comfort and beauty of

CATESBYS CORK LINO

(The World's most famous floor covering)

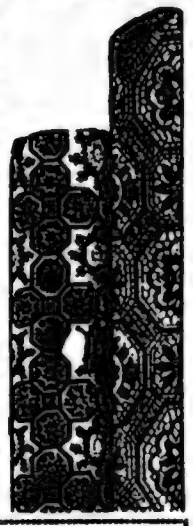
4 yds. by 3 yds. for

6/- only with order and your promise to make five monthly payments of 6/- and one final payment of 4/6. Send your order NOW and get the home cosy and bright.

For Details and Terms of other Sizes, see Pattern Book.

No Deposit.
No Reference.
No Security.
No Rent Book

requested if you are a householder in England or Wales; goods as above will be sent at once, carriage paid, on receipt of order and first payment. Satisfaction Guaranteed, or your money refunded at once.



Write at once for a fine set of patterns, sample pieces, and full particulars about prices. Easy Terms.

To CATESBYS, Ltd., London, W.1.

Please send me, post free, your Free Coloured Book of Cork Lino designs.

Name .....

Address .....

K 19. .....

CATESBYS, LTD. Dept. Tottenham Court Road, K 19, LONDON, W.1.

WONDERFUL OFFER OF LADIES' SPRING COATS for 1/- DOWN

I am anxious for you to talk about me.

Dear Madam,

If you will give me the opportunity to serve you, I am sure you will talk about me and recommend me to your friends.

This Coat is the finest value ever offered. It is well tailored, cut and finished with character, and studied in every detail, and above all, the material used. In fashionable hard wearing tweeds, silkateen lined. In shades of New Beige, New Stone, New Brown, and New Blue Grey. **Price 29/11.** Without boasting, I consider it is a Coat that honestly looks worth twice the amount I am charging.

Let me have your length and bust measure, and I will send you on 7 days approval, a Coat that you will be delighted with. Send 1/-, and agree to pay me 4/- per month.

Yours truly, John Blanford

ONCE A CUSTOMER—ALWAYS A CUSTOMER

John Blanford

Dept. J.B.C. LTD

119 & 129, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1

Do Men Prefer Blondes?

What 100 Married and 100 Unmarried Men Say.

Tests made by a noted psychologist with 100 married and 100 unmarried men show that in their preference for women a good complexion is the first consideration. As a matter of fact, about the same number of men prefer blondes as brunettes. But no man likes a woman with a shiny nose—he feels that she is careless and slovenly in her personal appearance—yet he does not like to see her continually powdering. You can make your face powder cling to your skin all day in spite of gusty winds, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing, simply by blending a little mousse of cream with it. The mousse of cream also acts as a tonic to the skin and its continued use greatly improves the complexion, imparting a new and natural beauty.

In Poudre Tokalon the mousse of cream is scientifically blended in just the right proportions with the finest air-floated powder. This is an exclusive and patented Tokalon process. Indetectable on the skin, Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, youthful complexion and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fascinating. It is the greatest complexion discovery made in 50 years. Over three million women now use Poudre Tokalon—the mousse of cream powder—every morning.

DUGGIE NEVER OWES

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

LINCOLN and NATIONAL

MARKET PRICES GUARANTEED

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED

* * *

DAILY S.P. LETTER
BUSINESS A SPECIALITY

No Limit on Singles, Doubles, Accumulators

* * *

FOOTBALL

Most Liberal Odds Combined with Security.

Send at once for our Lists.

Write To-day—Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

SEND ALL YOUR FOOTBALL AND RACING BETS TO

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE

227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with our rules.

Winnings by Return – All Postages Paid.

LINCOLNSHIRE — GRAND NATIONAL

Send for Price Lists and particulars of our

£1,000 to NOTHING OFFER

* * *

FOOTBALL

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED.
BOOK OPEN ON FOOTBALL CUP.

FOR CREDIT ACCOUNTS APPLY TO

DAVID COPE, LTD.

LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4.
KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Our Letter Parliament

MY HANDICAP in LIFE

Armless but Dauntless—Debts and Disillusion Penalised by Marriage

MY handicap in life is the loss of both arms (above elbows), sustained alighting from a train in motion twenty-six years ago.

A few kind friends purchased for me a pair of artificial arms, with which I earn my daily bread to support a good wife and a small family.

I am employed at a works canteen firing and heating domestic boilers, cleaning windows, going errands and doing sundry jobs.

I think when I see so many able-bodied men unemployed I am lucky to have work.

I do my own gardening. I also play the piano, which I couldn't do when I had hands, proving that "Where there's a will there's a way."—"Harold Cave," Bilston Staffs.

We've All Met Them!

My handicap in life is that I am not handicapped by:—Boredom; self-pity; any hobby; great expectations; a banking account; a wireless set; wishing I had a better job; an obsession that the Government is a universal provider; but am compelled, by force of circumstance, to spend my days among individuals who do labour under these handicaps.—"L. M. C'y.," Banbury.

Vanity's Folly

I have a good, kind husband, who has always given me every penny he could afford. Not content with this, I wanted to be smart in every way, and to keep up with friends whose husbands were in far better positions than mine.

To do this I secretly got into debt. Then my husband fell ill, and instead of pounds at the back of me, there were loads of debt before me.

My husband forgave me, but I find myself terribly handicapped, each week paying for my vanity.—"M.," Worcester.

She Weakens in Shops

I never can enter a shop without purchasing, even when not satisfied. I sallied forth joyfully to buy a new hat and coat, anticipating many pleasurable outings in them.

None of the hats that suited my pocket suited me; the assistant assured me they all did, so I chose the one I disliked least of all.

Then my coat—the only one I cared for cost more money than I could afford. I knew I could get better value elsewhere, but hadn't the courage to say so!

I returned home dissatisfied, and out of pocket—a repetition of many former shopping expeditions.—"Mrs. E. Johnson," Blackpool.

Marriage a Crime?

Simply marriage! Yet by the way in which I am penalised for it one would think I had committed a crime!

Although possessing first-class certificates, and an excellent record of service, I am debarred from teaching simply because I am a wife. That I am in need of money makes no difference.

Were I living apart from my husband (which would not alter my teaching ability nor my qualifications) I could resume school work.

As it is, my hard-won certificates are wasted and are yellowing in my desk.—"Meg." Pembs.

One Cure for Corns

After having "one round" with a railway engine in 1918 and coming out minus one foot, I thought my future would be just awful, no sports, no wife and an eternal "gammy" leg.

Here I am, aged twenty-six, able to play cricket and football (after a fashion), dance, swim, skate and cycle.

I am comfortably married, and, with an artificial limb, I have the laugh on my friends with corns, etc.

I have only one cold foot, and can keep my sock up with a safety-pin.

And with it all I feel just as happy and contented with my lot as I did before my unlucky match.—"One and a Swinger," Stonehouse.

Sacrificed Scholarship

While attending one of the local elementary schools, about six years ago, I showed such brilliance at my studies that I was asked by the principal if I would care to attend the Cowley Grammar School.

Being rather timid, I declined the offer, my excuse being that I would be leaving old friends; although, really, it was because of the expense it would bring upon my parents, my father being workless at the time.

An excellent opportunity was thus lost, for I was ignorant that I could obtain free attendance if proper application was made to the Education Office. Truly have I found this to be my handicap in life.—"W. Stocks," Lancs.

Homely Wisdom

Trading on Kindness

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ON the Pacific coast of North America the people greatly enjoy a whimsical joke.

Their humour is somewhat different from ours, which sometimes leads them to think that an Englishman has less fun in him than an American.

It also misleads an Englishman into thinking that an American often laughs at what is merely silly.

But we have enough in common to enable us to take each other's point of view.

A man in Iowa wanted to bring his wife and several children out to California, and couldn't afford train fare.

But he had an old Ford car with an engine that wouldn't run and a tank and radiator that leaked.

He pushed the car on to the high road, packed the family into it with provisions for the journey, and waited till some fellow-motorist came along.

Presently a motorist drove up. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Thanks," said our friend, producing a rope and tying it to the front axle; "I just need a tow to the nearest town ahead."

In this happy fashion the party in the old Ford rattletrap were conveyed for the next forty miles.

Then they had a meal and waited for another enquirer to appear. This time they said they wanted to reach a certain further point before dark.

In this ingenious manner they succeeded in making the entire journey. It was only when they were seen and recognised by first one and then another of the score of motorists who had helped them that the story came out.

It excited roars of laughter, and so far from resenting the way in which they had been tricked the helpers all expressed their readiness to tow the Iowa family back home again."

You think this a mere piece of Yankee cuteness, getting something for nothing? Well, look nearer home.

Every time you make a selfish use of the kindness and generosity of another heart you are acting meanly; and have you never done so?

Most of us have been the victims of such meanness at one time or another. Let us learn a lesson from our American cousins and make light of it, or, better still, be ready to repeat the kindness and be glad that we have the power so to do.

ORIGINAL letters, upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

My Biggest "Let-Down"

Dog in the Manger

A commercial clerk, on the wrong side of fifty, I have worked for one firm for over thirty years, waiting in vain for promotion, because the chief clerk is still hanging on at seventy-five.

He is drawing the big salary, and I am doing the donkey work. One dare not protest in these days of unemployment.

My trouble is not unique by any means. Too many old men are allowed to remain in office after their years of usefulness have passed, and the result is that the younger men are never given a sporting chance.—"H. S.," Oldham.

Lost Mother-Love

I was an infant when my mother died, so I was deprived of humanity's greatest blessing—a mother's love. Motherless children having no one to confide in are apt to develop the bad habit of self-repression.

I honestly believe a mother's love would have had a softening influence on my life. It could not be otherwise if one looked back and thought of a mother's sacrificing devotion—mother's wonderful faith in her children, no matter what the world might say.

Never to have enjoyed this unselfish love has been a real handicap in my life.—"R. Thomson," Edinburgh.

Depending on Dad

Twenty-five years of age, and a miner. I have never had occasion to approach a manager or an owner of a colliery when obtaining employment.

I always worked with my father, and whenever we were unemployed it was he who always sought for work for both.

Whatever work he obtained I always willingly agreed to. He was the deciding factor as to whether a job was worth taking or no.

Now I am alone—father has departed—and unemployed through being handicapped "with no confidence in myself."—"Ex-Miner," Rhymney.

The Right Spirit

Three years ago I was taken suddenly ill, and after several weeks in the infirmary, pronounced incurable by two eminent specialists, who told me I could only hope to live a few weeks.

For twelve months I went listlessly about, doing nothing.

Those twelve months have proved my greatest handicap. But thanks to "Tonic Talks" in JOHN BULL I am gradually reducing my handicap.

Moral:—Never say die, till you're dead!—"Sam Mawson," Hopton, Norfolk.

Letters in Little

While our own men are starving we allow aliens into this country to take their jobs.—"D. Y.," West Bromwich.

My life has taught me that a true friend is more to be cherished than great riches.—"Mr. J. Burrows."

Your article, "The B.B.C. Bad Music" is fine! The average wireless programme is disgusting!—"C. J. S.," Richmond, Surrey.

If people would only realise that "kindness" is a language even the "deaf and dumb" can understand, it would make life so much easier.—"Mrs. A. E. Boakes," Kent.

To-day many children between fourteen and sixteen are exploited by employers who pay small wages and insurance and sack them at sixteen. Surely this should be stopped?—"C. G.," Edinburgh.

In my younger days I was only busy when at work. It has not killed me, and to-day, at sixty-three years, I outwork 90 per cent. of the thirty-year-old-men!—"E. M.," Widnes.

YOUR VERY LAST CHANCE!

Your first film comes packed inside your camera.

British Made. FIRST Class Leaders. Takes upright or horizontal pictures — 3¼ in. by 2¼ in. — equal at time exposures. Daylight loading. Roll Film — takes standard size spool. Obtainable everywhere.

Rules & Conditions

It is important that the Rules and Conditions below are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.

The object of this scheme is to get bona fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, **both applicants will be disqualified.**

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below.

When your Gift Voucher is complete—that is, after you have given "John Bull" and "The People" a trial and NOT before—all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with 10d. to cover cost of actual postage and packing. In addition, for your convenience and so that your gift reaches you ready for use, we have specially arranged with the Manufacturers to include with each Camera one 2¼ B "Ensign" Film which will take six pictures, size 3¼ by 2¼. For this you send 1s. 2d.—the ordinary retail price. You thus receive your Camera completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack it. Further films are obtainable at all local dealers, price 1s. 2d. each.

This offer is limited to the first 125,000 applicants. No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

MAKE no mistake, this is your very last opportunity to get a magnificent "John Bull Ensign" Camera free—not only for yourself, but for a friend as well.

So great has been the rush for these superb gifts that no further applications can be entertained after Saturday, March 23rd.

You have still just time to share in the most amazing gift offer ever made by a paper to its readers, but—you must hurry!

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper.

Both "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever.

But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer:

If you will—

1. **Give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks**
2. **Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks**

We will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE. It is a condition, of course, that the friend introduced by you is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

A trial that need cost nothing

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sunday. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly. As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers, which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published on the left.

Act to-Day!

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Gift by getting the forms at the foot of this page filled in to-day. Take forms below reserve in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received, "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once. Remember this is your very last chance!

Post the Forms below at once!

OUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

Place stamp HERE to be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

Name .....

Address .....

8, Long Acre, London, W.C.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.5), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT

Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms.

This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU in blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has personally signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. **I certify that my friend is not at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."**

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....DATE

A. 5

Give below name and address of Newsagent.

*("John Bull") .....

.....

*("The People") .....

.....

*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form from page 38.

J.B. 9.3.29. Available until 23.3.29. Please write clearly.

Checked.....

N.B.—Do not separate these forms — send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST BE filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.5), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. **I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months.** I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE.....

(*) Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own. Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull") .....

.....

("The People") .....

.....

If the same as "John Bull," write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

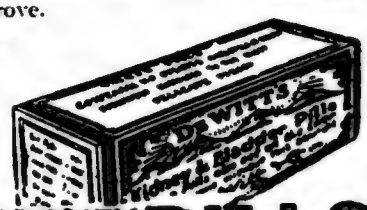
Checked.....

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp—and send in with these Forms.

HEALTH DANGERS OF THE MIDDLE-AGED

Sudden pains in the back, limbs aching with short, painful twitching, headache, "dead-tired" feeling, worn-out, sleepless—nature flashes her signals to the brain, disclosing only too often deep-seated kidney trouble.

Why do you go on suffering day after day, month after month, when a host of men, once suffering as you do, many bed-ridden, have come from "untold agonies," terrible depression to splendid vigour and vitality? If you want health, you can inexpensively, without interference with your work, start this very moment building strength and ending pain. Just go to your chemist. Ask him to give his candid opinion and tell you whether De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills can be relied on in cases of rheumatism, kidney trouble, loss of vitality. He will surely tell you that you will be very wise to invest 3/- in a box of this 40-year-old, world-famous remedy. There is no mystery about De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Your chemist can tell you all about the prescription clearly printed on the box. Furthermore, he sells this remedy under distinct guarantee that in 24 hours you will see and know the pills have started their health restoring action. If not, your money is refunded. Why not let De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills start you on the road to health to-day? Go to your chemist and get your supply, take them regularly. You will be amazed how quickly your health will improve.



DE WITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

OUT with PAIN 'FLU-COLDS And RHEUMATISM BY THE 'ASPRO' METHOD

Rid yourself of the above complaints speedily with 'ASPRO.' You can soothe away the pain in 5 to 10 minutes, too! Influenza, cold and rheumatic attacks yield to its influence because there is a definite scientific reason why 'ASPRO' can do these things, and why it has such a variety of uses. It is because 'ASPRO' after ingestion in the system, is an anti-pyretic or fever-reducer and a germicide, that it quickly banishes influenza attacks. Then on account of its being a Solvent of Uric Acid it dispels or dissolves rheumatic cause. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' also is an internal antiseptic, which quality has far-reaching and beneficial results. 'ASPRO' does not drug or depress the mind. It does not affect the heart. It contains no chalk or impurities—no digestive troubles follow—no nausea—no reaction—no craving. 'ASPRO' is the marvellous, unique, interesting medicine of the new age:—

SO 'ASPRO' IS THE QUICKEST-SAFEST METHOD EVER DISCOVERED

FURTHER PROOF READ THESE

'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK

ACTOR COULDN'T TAKE ASPIRIN-BENEFITS BY 'ASPRO'

21, Sunnymede Road,
Rochampton, S.W.15.
15th January, 1929.

Dear Sirs,

As an actor of many years' experience and having to produce and also study a leading part every week, I used to get very bad headaches, so bad sometimes after about six hours' rehearsal that I could hardly open my eyes. I tried aspirin, but instead of relief I got awful indigestion. Then one day, seeing your advt., and also being an Australian myself, I purchased some 'ASPRO' and in 15 minutes my head was well. Since then I am never without them, but some chemists try to sell me aspirin. I tell them that they are absolutely useless to me and if they do NOT stock 'ASPRO' I do without till I find a shop that does sell them. I have put dozens of professional friends on to them and all are delighted with the results. In fact, it is very often through giving so many away I find myself without them just when most needed.

Thanking you for your wonderful tablets.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) HERBERT MATTHEWS.
Producer and Leading Man.

FAMILY OF 8 ALL USE 'ASPRO'

17, Manor Way, Bromley, Kent.

Dear Sirs,

As I have seen so many letters put in the papers speaking highly of your 'ASPRO' I felt as though I must just let you know that I am a very great user of 'ASPRO.' In fact, I always spend 2/6 every week on some. I take two after each meal, for about three years ago I laid very ill, could not use a limb with Rheumatism. I read about 'ASPRO' in the paper, and I may say I would not be without them. We number eight in family, baby two years, which we call our 'ASPRO' baby. She has never been any trouble since born, and that is all I took, and even she, although only two years, has half a tablet once a week, and whenever any of the kiddies are queer, no matter what the complaint is, I always use 'ASPRO,' and plenty around me find their value. At present a person two doors away has got two little boys with 'flu, and this is all she is giving them; glad to say they are nearly better.

I have told dozens of people to try 'ASPRO,' which plenty have done and proved their goodness. I have had people say to me 'ASPRO' is the same as ordinary Aspirin, but I know different. In fact, I eat them, I am so used to them, and they don't affect the heart.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) M. COUSINS.

Self and Patient—

Nurse C., of Regent's Park, has used 'ASPRO' for her patients with excellent results. When threatened with serious illness herself 'ASPRO' checked it.

Influenza Stopped

Mrs. F. P. writes to say that a doctor told her that 'ASPRO' would shift 'Flu and in 24 hours and she proved that he was right. Never tired of telling her friends about it.

'ASPRO' USES

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its prosperity.

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No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, one tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

6D 1/3 & 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

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I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to
JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street, 53 N.J., London, W.1.

FREE PSORIASIS

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made when other treatments have failed.
Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

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BRADFORD, YORKS.

WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG?

Eminent Scientists make Greatest Beauty Discovery in 100 Years.

WOMEN OF 50 MAY NOW LOOK 30

It has now been proved that it is not age but under-nourishment of the skin that causes wrinkles, faded complexions, shrunken cheeks, and makes a woman look old. Eminent physicians and scientists say your skin can eat—through its millions of pores; it can absorb certain specially prepared foods and the blood in the skin capillaries can digest and transform these foods into living cells and tissues. Thus an aged, faded skin may quickly rejuvenate itself and regain its lost beauty and freshness—wrinkles disappear and shrunken cheeks and sagging facial muscles become fresh, firm and rosy. A woman of 50 may easily look 30 and obtain a skin and complexion that will be the admiration and envy of many a young girl. The best daily skin menu is predigested dairy cream and olive oil. The above may now be obtained in Crème Tokalon, the best and most nourishing skin food known. It will refresh and revive your skin almost beyond belief even in one night. It is guaranteed to bring back the expression of youth to your face and give you a new and beautiful complexion in 28 days or your money will be refunded.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

PLUMMOXED (Norwich).—"My mind was a perfect blank." How is it now?

B. K. (Wrexham).—"I long to feel I'm on my feet once more." 'Shun!

MRS. C. (Lancaster).—"Do you back the horses?" No. We back the bookies.

E. L. (Ventnor).—"I weep for people's stupidity." Oh, dry up!

G. H. (Iver).—"I keep myself to myself." That is very considerate of you.

J. D. (Waterloo).—"I write to you for fun." We are not amused.

F. J. (Bethnal Green).—"My uncle made his mark in the Courts." Hadn't he learned to sign his name?

GEORGE (Felpham).—"Bognor landladies' hopes have now been raised." Their prices also are raised.

SPORT (Matlock).—"Do you think glasses improve one's tennis?" Glasses of what?

N. T. (Blythe).—"What is the capital of Scotland?" They keep it a secret, but it must run to billions.

SUNNY (Clapham).—"The idea came to me in a dream." How did you expect it to come? In a plain van?

MRS. C. (Golders Green).—"All that goes on at those tea-parties is light conversation." Of good scandal power?

L. M. (Kentish Town).—"You won't find a policewoman flirting." Yet they do sometimes take a man's name.

T. W. (Woking).—"But revenge is sweet you know." Take care you're not poured in taking it.

MRS. K. (Seattle).—"Not long ago our negro servant was kicked on the head by a mule." Is the mule still limping?

B. E. (Alperton).—"Has America a national motto, and if so, what?" Abandon hops all ye who enter here.

L. F. (Cardiff).—"I told my future life my past." Which shows you didn't have much of a one.

C. P. (Nice).—"I believe in Britain for the British." Then why do you write from the Riviera?

R. T. H. (Bognor).—"I am particularly interested in the drink question." What's yours?

P. R. (Stanmore).—"Do you doubt my abilities?" No. We thoroughly disbelieve in them.

T. B. (Ashington).—"Then my senses desert me." Never mind. They may return one day.

F. N. Cricklewood).—"My wife came back exhausted from the bargain sale." Where there's a frill there's a fray.

D. N. (London).—"In an argument with my wife I always have the last word." An apology, we suppose.

W. L. (Cosham).—"I stick to my friends." We know that kind of moist, adhesive handshake.

P. R. (London, S.W.).—"He burnt his fingers in the restaurant business." Upsetting the soup?

F. L. (Wakefield).—"I attended over forty weddings last year." Morbid, we call it.

READER (Barrow).—"What was the first thing you ever saw in print?" I never got her name. It was at the quay when we were younger.

TAXPAYER (Chelsea).—"Escapes of gas are getting too frequent in London." Yes, but remember there's a General Election on the way.

T. T. (Nottingham).—"The paper called it a romance when a film star married her fifth husband." The paper was romancing.

ED (Paisley).—"Is there any difference between the Socialists and the Communists?" Any number of differences.

H. (Chichester).—"I've been told that as a dramatist I'm rather like Shakespeare." Yes, he didn't shave either.

MARGARET (Westcliff-on-Sea). — "I must confess I've been kissed a hundred times." That's not confession, that's boasting.

P. B. (Partick).—"I have an idea." Whose is it?

BILL (Newcastle).—"I won't write to you again." Good boy. Good-bye.

F. J. (Hastings).—"Some women wear little." Others don't wear much.

F. M. (Merton).—"Modern girls are athletic." They jump at the first chance.

N. P. (Harlesden).—"I am not the sort of fellow you are." Flatterer!

P. R. (Elwood).—"Wars cost money." There would be no wars if the terms were cash down.

P. C. (Balham).—"I don't know what to call my new goldfish." Why not call it a wealthy sardine?

T. R. (Beccles).—"I hope you don't mind my jokes." Heavens! Is that what they are?

C. T. (Letchworth).—"He called me a microbe." What powerful eyesight he must have.

T. V. (Durham).—"I had a set of teeth inserted free of charge." Did you annoy a big dog?

S. N. (Highgate).—"Are the majority of your letters interesting?" Yes, in spite of the many letters you write.

H. M. (Brighton).—"Modern life is full of gins and pitfalls." Also gins and vermouths.

J. N. (Doncaster).—"When I went into the pantry a minute or two later all the cheese had disappeared." Rats!

C. T. (Amersham).—"The dentist made a good job of by teeth." You mean he spared no pains?

R. B. (Liverpool).—"He called me an ass." He should know better than to judge people by their looks.

T. R. (Victoria).—"I am going to be married on a Tues. or a Thurs." Why not wed on a Wed.?

J. E. (Crewe).—"There are too many burglaries." How many do you think there should be?

P. R. (Durham).—"Some men turn out different after marriage." And some indifferent.

"STARVING GENIUS" (London).—"The enclosed sonnet was inspired by her eyes." My dear fellow, she should see an oculist immediately.

MISS I. (Farnborough).—"I always pity the poor writers." Whereas you ought to pity the editors who have to wade through their stuff.

T. T. (Redcar).—"The new wave length of the B.B.C. has certainly reduced howling." But not, unfortunately, the sort described as singing.

MRS. I. (Harringay).—"My husband is so ill-tempered. I wonder if a hobby would cure him?" He already seems to do fret-work.

WORRIED (Bath).—"Is it right for one man to let another call him a liar in front of his family?" Let's see the other man and we'll give you an opinion.

T. L. (Warrington).—"My husband said he was amazed when he saw mother going to look for the gas-leak with a candle and didn't think of warning her." The heartless brute.

A. R. (Sydenham).—"My fiancee and I won't play in the L.C.C tennis-courts because of the low people one meets there. You can't imagine how she complains about it." Yes we can; she does it with a nace refaned eccent.

H. L. (London, N.).—"I really am refined." Oh, quaite!

C. R. (St. Albans).—"What does a butler do?" Buttle.

E. A. (Holborn).—"I enclose a short story." That's its only good point.

K. E. (Lympe).—"The cheap car is here to stop." That's the trouble.

B. E. (Swindon).—"What do you think is my handicap at golf?" How should we know? Your feet, perhaps.

P. C. (Dayton).—"I can't imagine why I'm not a success as a novelist." Probably because you can't imagine.

G. B. (Victoria).—"I generally go South for the winter." But why? There's plenty in London.

M. T. (Bewdley).—"He can't hold his head up now." A tall white collar might help.

F. M. (Chenies).—"I have literary leanings." Judging by the stuff you enclose we're afraid you'll fall down.

K. B. (Brentford).—"The House of Commons is sitting." Yes, but will it hatch anything?

H. H. (Bungay).—"I hope this letter reaches you." Yes, the post office arrangements were unpleasantly accurate.

G. T. (Caneburt).—"How can I conquer the tobacco habit?" Give up smoking.

C. G. (Croydon).—"I stared at the stranger and he stared at me." Very unpleasant for both of you.

B. C. (Derby).—"My friends say I have brilliant gifts." We can't say the same for your friends' judgment.

MISS J. C. (Guildford).—"I've got three young men, and I don't know which to choose." Show them the "Bullets" Pension, Ideal Home or Fortune Offer on page 39, and marry the one who prefers the Ideal Home.

P. A. (Bradford).—"I expect my next job will last at least three years." Don't despair; the judge may be more lenient than you fear.

W. N. (Norwich).—"My son is a writer who has done several clever things." We don't intend to be one of them.

S. L. (Gargrave).—"I cannot endure murder scenes." Then keep away from the theatres or you'll see lots of actors murder their parts.

P. K. (Stockport).—"Unemployment is a bitter pill for the Government." It's a much more bitter pill for the unemployed.

T. C. R. (Chester).—"He developed the 'flu on his wedding morn, so the ceremony did not take place." Reprieved.

F. M. (Victoria).—"On the Continent a machine has been invented to detect bad eggs." In this country we leave the detection of bad eggs to the C.I.D.

P. G. (London, W.).—"She said I was too ugly to get married." That was unkind of her, but still it was better than telling lies about you, wasn't it?

E. G. (Hampton).—"But I am getting away from the subject I was writing about." Oh, were you writing about something?

R. L. (Chester).—"What could I say when she asked me if she looked her age, which I don't know." You should have told her that whatever it was, she didn't look it.

T. N. (Lyndon).—"I am a boxer of long experience." You know the ropes.

G. H. (Highgate).—"So I broke into a run." Was your idea to steal the eggs?

P. L. (Leeds).—"Money is filthy lucre." But how people love to wallow in it.

A. E. (London, N.)—"When I called my uncle was out." That was awkward. Wasn't there another pawnbroker near?

P. T. (Barlow).—"I think I'll call on you. What time do you have afternoon tea?" After you've gone.

A. B. (Egham).—"Women spend a lot of time in shops." If only that were all they spent.

L. B. (Peckham).—"Lobsters change colour when in hot water." So do politicians.

PAMELA (Horton).—"Fortune tellers can give you the most surprising details of your life." Especially if they manage to talk to your confidential friend beforehand.

A. O. (Bedford).—"The phrenologist says his bump of destructiveness is large." Good, he'll make a splendid railway porter, chauffeur or laundry man.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

"THE DAILY EXPRESS": — "Only our older acting stewards remember seeing Waxy win in 1793, Whistler in 1815 and Moses in 1822."

"SCARBOROUGH MERCURY":—"He was reported to have pased a VERY GOOD NIGHT suffering from severe PAIN in the chest and ribs."

"THE LEICESTER MAIL":—"The Prince of Wales, who has just returned from FRANCE IN A CLOSED CAR WHICH HE DROVE HIMSELF, arrives at Craigwell House at 10.40 this morning."

"WESTERN MORNING NEWS AND MERCURY":—"Had to return after the harvest owing to lack of UNEMPLOYMENT."

"NELSON LEADER":—"He was loading a LORRY ON the CANAL."

"THE NEWS AND CHRONICLE":—"A large quantity of GLASS cases cheap, suitable for FIREWOOD."

"IRISH INDEPENDENT":—"A UNIFORMED police officer cannot patrol his own territory except in CIVILIAN ATTIRE."

"THE EVENING CITIZEN":—"A convict at Dartmoor has died for the FIRST TIME for SOME YEARS."

ROUND EUROPE FOR AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT!

With a National Portable the best of Europe's broadcast fare is available without the slightest trouble. Touch a switch and in comes the music. A turn of the tuning dial takes you from station to station, from country to country. Clear, rich tone; volume enough to fill a hall. No outside wires, no connections to make. Plays anywhere at any time during broadcasting hours. Handsome case of hand-polished oak. A wonderful set and wonderful value. Come and hear it to-day.

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Deferred terms, 20/- down and 30/- a month for eleven months or 12 10s. down and 30/- a month for 9 months.

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10, 12 14, Beak Street London. W.1

A TROUBLED FAMILY

No Fighting Chance

A GLASGOW mother is breaking her heart because her "eight lovely children, six boys and two girls, are not getting a fighting chance."

Her husband, an ex-Service man, contracted pleurisy and lost his job. He is now in hospital suffering from a complete breakdown and a weak heart.

His wife, racked with rheumatic pains, doesn't know what a real rest is like. She and her children live in one room.

None of her children are working, and she has to pay the rent and feed and clothe her large family on 36s. a week.

Her eldest boy will be fifteen next month, but, having been through two severe operations, he is not strong, and has missed much schooling.

The artistic boy and his baby sister.

Ravaged by Sickness

The boy shows artistic ability. "He is very good at drawing and water colour painting," says his mother.

The pity is, he doesn't seem to stand a fighting chance of developing his talent.

Sickness is raging in this family, as it is in so many others during this hard winter. Three of the children have been terribly ill with influenza, and a little boy of two years is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Distressing news of sickness and death among the children of the unemployed reaches us by every post, and heart-rending appeals for help to get the necessary nourishment the doctor orders, which the "dole" or the relief money cannot cover.

Now is each reader's opportunity.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Abcia, 5s.; Anon., 3s., H. D., 1s.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; Mac's Section, B'ham (5th Sub), £1; Ichycoo, 6d.; Anon. (Dunfermline), 1s.; Miss E. C. Thomson (Dennistoun), 1s.; Willesboro', 1s.; Old Bick, 1s.; M. Harris, 2s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; On the 9th, 3d.; Mrs. E. A. Lewis (Tredegar), 5s.; Neuf (Oxford), 1s.; B. T. (Croydon), 5s.; Royal Marine, 10s.; Ada Nilsen, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Chelmsford), 10s. 6d.; T. D. (Colne), 1s.; Mrs. Cooper (Darwen), 1s.; T. W. (Bolton), 1s.; Mrs. Oliver (Wallasey), 2s.; "No. 33," 3s.; T. Scott, 10s.; R. E. V. (Exmouth), 2s. 6d.; James and J. Tomkins (Ludlow), 2s. 6d.; Willie, John and Frank, 2s. 6d.; Mary, 1s.; F. G. C., 1s. 6d.; C. M. K., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; J. B. T., 2s. 6d.; A Derby Toc H Chappie, 2s. 6d.; A Bulleteer (Coventry), 9d.; Every Little Helps, 6s. 9d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 1s.; J. G. N. H., 2s. 6d.; A. K. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; A Worker (Guiseley), 1s.; A. L. (Middlesbrough), 1s 6d.; A Sympathiser (Liverpool), 2s.; F. W. Potter (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; J. McIntosh (Ipswich), 2s.; C. W. T., 2s. 6d.; Charlie from Cologne, 15s.; Nil Desperandum, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Beverley (Huddersfield), 1s.; W. H. H., £1; Heelby, 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Miss L. Warren, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Woolwich), 1s.; Mrs. Annie Powles, 10s.;

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from N. T., Mrs. B. Stanton, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. H. F. Thompson, Holton Mothers, In Memory of a Loved One, Mrs. Mary Simpson, Mrs. H. Carr, Mrs. Richardson, E. F. Hodder (Ipswich), D. A. Weller (Redhill), Mrs. E. Camp (Peckham) (perambulator), D. O. (Bristol), Mrs. Langdon (Walthamstow), Mrs. E. Smith (Crawley), K. T. (Notts), L. T. (Edmonton), Wm. Harrgrate Wellwisher, High Holborn North "B," L. K. (Amesbury), Gargoyle D., Anon. (Hampstead), Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Lucas and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lucas (Dorchester), A. H. Learthait, Mrs. J. C. Allday (Leyton), Mrs. C. Lucas (Dorchester), "A Mother of Four," "Santa Claus," Charles F. Tilbury, Pip and Kathleen, "A Mother of Five" (toys), A. C. Brown (Kidderminster), Mrs. E. Camp (parcel and pram.), V. Thomas, N.20 (dolls), Mrs. F. Cornford (Milton Regis), James L. Bullin (Wisbech), 103, Bexhill, S. E. Lyston, Mrs. Covey (Brondesbury), Wellwisher (Chichester), C. V. (Watford), Mrs. B. (Sutton-on-Trent), Mrs. A. E. Gilbert (Chichester), Mrs. C. Abbott (Otley).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

OLD SOLDIER BURNT OUT!

"John Bull" to the Rescue!

"GO quickly — your house is on fire!" This grim message was received by Mr. C. Rawding, an old soldier, living at 25, Pinfold Lane, Ainsdale, Southport, whilst enjoying an evening at the cinema. When our reader reached home, flames were already shooting up through the thatched roof. The fire took a heavy toll of his possessions, which included carefully hoarded savings kept in a tin cash box, and a grandfather clock over a hundred years old.

Mr. Rawding was a sergeant in the Great War and took part in the gallant charge of the 21st Lancers in the Egyptian campaign in 1898, Mr. Winston Churchill being his troop officer. His fighting spirit enables him to bear the loss bravely, assisted by a cheque paid under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift, for which he expressed his gratitude.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your cheque," he says, "it has come as a godsend."

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you free against all these risks. Even the children share in the wonderful benefits offered. Are *you* registered? If not sign the forms below now.

OVER 38,000 CHEQUES ALREADY PAID

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HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 9/3/29.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature

Address ..... Age .....

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Name and address of Newsagent .....

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..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 9/3/29.

Shoot Your "Bullets" Quickly!

£8 A WEEK FOR LIFE

Ideal Home, or £3,000, MUST BE WON!

LAST week a Gloucestershire farm labourer received the biggest surprise of his life. The good news arrived that he had won the First Prize of £800 in "Bullets" Competition No. 704.

Mr. R. G. Wicks, of "Ewepens," Cirencester Park, Cirencester, is the winner—a married man of 33, with a wife and two children dependent upon his meagre earnings, which have also to keep his aged parents.

"I am overwhelmed with my success, which could not have been less expected," runs his letter acknowledging the news of his successful "Bullet":—TIMES HAVE CHANGED—ESPECIALLY MRS. MERRICK'S BEDTIMES.

Mr. Wicks did not anticipate his success. Possibly you also are making too modest an estimate of your "Bullets" capabilities, thinking, perhaps, that a mighty prize like this week's First is beyond your reach.

One week only now remains for you to enter for "Bullets" huge Pension, Ideal Home or £3,000 prize, the choice between which must be won by somebody for a few simple words.

What would £8 a week for life mean to you? It would mean everything in the world to many a JOHN BULL reader.

Perhaps, however, you might prefer to take the cheque for £3,000 with which to establish a business of your own and give your children a thorough education.

If as a young man your fancy may turn this spring to thoughts of love, here is your Ideal Home completely furnished, a Motor-car and £1,000—all the luxuries a young couple dream of.

Whichever prize you are aiming at, shoot your "Bullets" quickly! You must enter by Saturday, March 16, if you want to see your name at the top of this week's sensational prize-list.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 705

TWIN FIRST PRIZES OF £350:

REV. T. V. EVANS, Winsor House, Val Plaisant, Jersey.
Example:—A WISE BIRD
Bullet:—"BEAK" IGNORING "PARROT" EVIDENCE.

MR. F. J. MOON, "Trebarwyth," The Broadway, Darlington.
Example:—KING COAL
Bullet:—MUST WED "QUEEN SCIENCE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. P. LEMMON, 229, Merton Road, London, S.W.
Example:—MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY
Bullet:—SOMETHING—SOME THINK EVERYTHING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. GEORGE SMITH, "Shingledene," Heacham.
Example:—FILM COUPLE
Bullet:—ARCHWAY OF—DIVORCE CERTIFICATES!

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. APPLECK, 103, Guildford Road, Birkdale, Southport. AT HEADQUARTERS—"BURSTS" WANTED, NOT "LEAKAGES."

R. L. EDWARDS, 35, Trelowarren Street, Camborne. WORRIED TO DEATH—GRANDPA, LAST EIGHTY YEARS.

T. HAMERTON, 118, Princes Road, Liverpool. WAY GOVERNMENT'S GOING—EGGS SOON "MAKING" *Them.*

F. HARTLEY, 76, Park Street, Manchester. TRADE PLUMS—"BANKS" HELPING FOREIGNERS PICK.

W. J. KELLETT, 5, Grange Terrace, Shotton Colliery. FILTHY LUCRE—DESPICABLE "GOD"—USEFUL "MISSIONARY."

T. MACK, 5a, Clarence Street, Clapham, S.W. THE RING—TWIDDLES CONSUMERS ROUND FINGER.

J. V. RICHARDS, 4, Vivian Avenue, Wallasey. ENOUGH TO GO ROUND—IF JOBS WERE RIFLES.

Mrs. ROBERTS, 33, Maud Street, New Basford. LEFT TO CHARITY—INDUSTRY'S "UNWANTED CHILDREN," TOO.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

Miss C. TYRELL, 108, Walmersley Road, Bury. LEFT TO CHARITY—HIS MONEY—HER REPUTATION.

J. UNSWORTH, 12, Stocks Crescent, Mytholmroyd. LUCKY FOR HIM—CREDITORS BELIEVED HIM UNLUCKY.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

F. ALLEN, 16, Salthouse Road, Barrow. FILTHY LUCRE—GERM CARRIER—HOSPITALS' SALVATION.

N. ANDERSON, 18, Ritter Street, Woolwich, S.E. IN DIFFICULTIES—DISPOSING OF NATION'S "BLADES."

H. BARBY, 117, Archer Road, Ely, Cardiff. ENOUGH TO GO ROUND—AND DOESN'T PROMOTE REVOLUTION.

G. LAWSON, "Rosleigh," Derby Road, Beeston. NOW WE KNOW—WAR PERFECTLY—WHY REHEARSALS?
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

W. T. REES, 7, Stanley Houses, Hoxton, N. THE RING—AND MEDALS, "FAMILY PLATE."

H. A. SKIPSEY, 114, North Road, Hull. MESSAGE OF SYMPATHY—POUND ENCLOSED "ADDED WEIGHT."

C. SMITH, 16, Neville Street, Rotherham. STUDYING—YOURSELF "GREEDY!"—OTHERS, "FOOL!"

T. SOMERVILLE 42, Carleith Quadrant, Glasgow. PANDEMONIUM—MOTOR-CYCLIST TESTING NEW SILENCER.

H. STEVENS, 16, Nile Street, Liverpool. HE TRIED HARD, BUT—UNEMPLOYMENT HAD SOFTENED HIM.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon).

L. A. THORPE, Shrewley, Warwick. A LIFE-BELT—FATHER'S STRAP—"SAVING."

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10s. winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners, and a list of 500 2s. 6d. Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £800 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 704 will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. A. Trinder, 30, Castle Street, Cirencester, Glos.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" No. 709.

First Prize, £500. Other Prizes:—£50, £25, £20, £16, £12, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 10 of £5, 25 of £1, 50 of 10/-, 500 of 2/6, 8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Please, Mr. Churchill—The Critics—I've Got A Family, So—Our Teachers—She Smiled Sweetly, And—Beautiful Spring—Hardly Reasonable—Faithful To The Last—Demoralising—Only Just—Greatly Exaggerated — Breakfast - Dinner - Tea - Supper — Heartless—Grand Old Man—Spellbound—Showing Us The Way—Rash Move—For Himself Happy Ending—Seems A Long Time — Not Very Hopeful — "Spare A Copper!"—The Corner-stone—In Case Of Emergency—Anyone Can See—If I Had The Chance—More Often Than Not—Pulled To Pieces — Never—"Jix" And "Dora" — Brighter Days—Is Marriage A Swindle?

(Closing Saturday, March 23rd.)

ADVANCE CLUES OF 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 4.

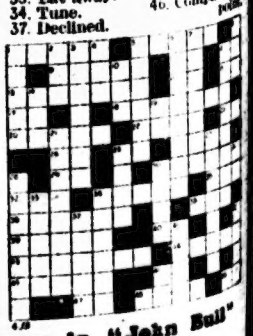
We give below advanced details of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 4. Entry Forms for this Crossword, for which £500 Must-be-won prize is offered, will appear in JOHN BULL next week. Be sure to enter this week for JOHN BULL Crossword No. 3, which you will find on page 4.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. River fish.
5. High Court.
9. Elevate.
11. Automobile Association (abbr.).
12. B.I. (actual).
13. Ordered.
15. Aloft.
16. Alexandra Palace (abbr.).
17. Depart.
18. Pride.
20. Foe.
22. Horizontal opening to a mine.
23. North Britain (abbr.).
24. Myself.
25. Afternoon.
26. A vault.
29. P.L. (actual).
30. Wages.
32. Long fish.
34. A pattern to copy.
35. Fish-spawn.
36. Plasterer's tool.
38. Greasy fluid.
39. Regal.
40. D.E. (actual).
43. Glandiform.
44. A quantity.
45. Waxed.
46. Negative.
47. D.V. (actual).
48. An opening.
49. Compass point.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Shelf of rocks.
2. Part of a circle.
3. Burnt sugar.
4. To hasten.
5. A madhouse.
6. Pertaining to navigation.
7. Chief city.
8. Small draught.
10. Observe.
12. Small streamer.
14. An age.
19. Anno Domini (abbr.).
21. A master.
25. Small lake.
27. Different
28. To withdraw.
30. Despatch.
31. Personal pronoun.
33. Eat away.
34. Tune.
37. Declined.
41. Black, hard wood.
42. Exhibit.
46. Compass point.



Entry Forms in "John Bull" Next Week.

NEXT WEEK: £500 AND 20 OTHER BIG PRIZES!

HOW TO WIN THIS WONDER PRIZE

IF you can appreciate a winning effort, you can make up a First Prize *Bullet* for yourself. Having selected one of the *Examples*, condense your thoughts into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS, keeping in mind that aptness and originality score. For instance, if you choose the *Example* OUR TEACHERS the added words MUSTN'T "DICTATE" TO PARENTS would form a *Bullet*. The twenty-four winning *Bullets* on the opposite page will show you how to succeed.

Don't forget the closing date, Saturday, March 16th—only one week more. Hurry up and seize your opportunity to win this huge prize.

"BULLETS" BULLETIN Apply for "Bullets" Bulletin, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope, to Bulletin Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 708

OUR SAILOR KING
BRITAIN'S STORY
LAUGHING AT THE LAW
IDEAL BUDGET
TO EASE THE SITUATION
FLIRTING WITH DEATH
SOME PEOPLE SAY
ACCORDING TO GRANDPA
A MILLION UNEMPLOYED
RADIUM
WINSTON'S CHANCE
IN LIFE'S TRAFFIC
MODERN LOVE
SOONER OR LATER
MISSING
SPENDING TOO MUCH
A GOOD DEED
I'LL BE RICH WHEN
IN THE POLITICAL ARENA
TOIL AND TROUBLE
PEACEFUL WORLD
THE RIGHT ROAD
HE WAS HONEST, BUT
IN UTOPIA
DOING SOME THINKING
BOLDLY
ENORMOUS
A SURPRISE PACKET
IN HER FAVOUR
SHIVERING IN HIS SHOES
AS A MATTER OF FACT
PUBLIC BENEFACTOR
MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE
OUR PARROT
EGGS
ALL WOMEN
SAVED
A WARNING
LAST OF ALL
IS THIS A FREE COUNTRY?

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN. You can help us by posting all your "Bullets" coupons at one time and receive the same consideration.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on a slip of paper.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 708, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Do *YOU* Suffer from DEADLY CATARRH

(Chronic Cold In the Head)

Deafness, Head Noises, Asthma, Bronchitis or Chest Troubles? Have YOU Any of these Symptoms?

CHRONIC COLD IN THE HEAD?
STOPPED-UP NOSE?
DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING?
PHLEGM IN THROAT?

DRY HACKING COUGH?
FRONTAL HEADACHES?
HUSKY VOICE?
SHORTNESS OF BREATH?

TENDENCY TO CATCH COLDS?
CHOKING PAROXYSMS?
WHEEZING NOISES IN CHEST?
TIREDNESS ON RISING?

FREQUENT SNEEZING?
IMPAIRED SENSE OF SMELL?
RUNNING OF THE EYES?
PARCHED MOUTH & DRY THROAT?

If so, Send a Post Card To-day for 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL of My Wonderful System

All Catarrh Symptoms Vanished. Health Restored After 4 Years.

MR. T. MORTON.

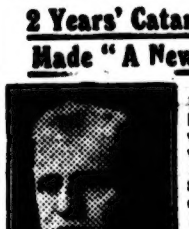
Mr. T. Morton, 2, Newburn Road, Shield Row, West Stanley, Co. Durham, writes: "After suffering from Catarrh for 4 years the 'Shirley System' worked wonders in a month. This was 4 months ago, yet it is a long time since I felt as fit and well as I do at present. Your System is truly wonderful for it has completely cured every symptom of my complaint: constant colds, headaches, difficult breathing, loss of taste and smell, cough, dry throat, etc. They absolutely vanished like magic."—Feb. 5th, 1929.

11 Years' Torture from Asthma Cured After All Else Failed.

MR. T. W. HEPPENSTALL.

Mr. T. W. Heppenstall, 473, Harewood Street, Bradford Moor, Bradford, writes: "On active service in France I contracted bronchial Asthma. After 9 months in hospitals I was discharged incurable. Winter after winter for 11 years I suffered torture, gradually getting worse. I tried many remedies but got no relief. After 3 days 'Shirley System,' however, I had lost my nerve-racking cough and my chest was clear of bronchial trouble. In 5 weeks I was cured. I can now jump out of bed full of life and energy, instead of gasping for breath and coughing my sides sore."—Feb. 1st, 1929.

2 Years' Catarrhal Misery Ended. Made "A New Man in 12 Days."



MR. CHERRY.

Mr. C. D. Cherry, 13, Bensham Crescent, Gateshead, writes: "I must write in praise of your wonderful treatment. After 3 days' use of the 'Shirley System' I began to feel distinct improvement. Now, after only 12 days I am completely cured of two years' Chronic Catarrh, Head Noises, Headaches and Pains, Throat Trouble and partial Deafness. I was always catching cold and suffered from every unpleasant symptom known to victims of Catarrh. No words can adequately express my thanks and delight. Your treatment is really wonderful. I feel a new man now."—Jan. 6th, 1929.

4½ Years' Good Health After a Miraculous Cure.

MRS. DOGAL.

Mrs. A. Dogal, 6, Gaunt Street, Bradford, writes: "Your treatment completely cured my Catarrh 4½ years ago. I am still enjoying perfect health. I was so bad when I commenced your system I thought I was going to die! I could not sleep. I had to get out of bed and go to the open door for breath. I had no energy, was depressed and lost my appetite. I felt I should never recover, but your 'Shirley System' completely restored my health in a month. It was indeed a 'miracle.'"—Jan. 5th, 1929.

A veritable epidemic of Nose, Throat and Chest Troubles is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate scores again.

Are YOU a victim of any of these dangerous ailments? If so, don't neglect them, or regard them with indifference, or your life may be endangered. Write to me to-day (a postcard will do) for a 10 days' Free Trial of my well-known "Shirley System," which will give you immediate relief and hasten cure. I have specialised in the treatment, relief and cure of these distressing and endangering conditions for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for anyone to diagnose.

Mr. ELMER SHIRLEY.

—If phlegm drops into the back of your throat.
—If you are liable to recurring colds.
—If your head feels "stuffy" and confused.
—If you have frontal headaches.
—If you suffer from difficulty of hearing.
—If your nostrils are clogged or "running."
—If you feel tired on rising.
—If you suffer from strange "head-noises."
—If your eyes are "watery."
—If "crusts" form in the nose.
—If your mouth and throat are dry and painful.
—If you expectorate often.
—If your sense of smell is impaired.
—If your breath is "bad" and your mouth "dirty."
—If you have pain over the eyes.

or if you have a dry, hot skin, and alternate fits of heat and cold, you are running a grave risk and need immediate attention.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards (especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines, and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility, and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh and even Consumption itself.

If you are in the grip of any of these deadly ailments, don't delay, but write to me to-day for a

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM"

and see how soon it will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed-up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, head-noises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisonous and slimy mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden from your shoulders like magic.

No matter how often you have been disappointed before, or how long you have suffered, don't despair until you have tried the wonderful "Shirley System."

This treatment has proved so remarkably successful, even in the worst forms of Chronic Catarrh, Deafness, Head Noises, etc., that I will gladly send it on Ten Days' Free Trial to any sufferer on the distinct understanding that if no benefit is derived no expense of any kind will be incurred.

Write to-day (a postcard will do) to Mr. Elmer Shirley, 35, Gray's Inn Road (C.868), London, W.C.1.

(Personal consultations by appointment 3 to 4 o'clock daily except Saturdays.)

Catarrh With Terrific Head Pains Cured in 4 Days Over 3 Years Ago.

MISS BURNLEY.

Miss J. Burnley, 79, Milton Street, High Park, Southport, writes: "I can honestly say that I am still quite well and have enjoyed splendid continuous health since the 'Shirley System' completely cured me 3 years and 4 months ago. The cure, you will remember, was effected in the record time of 4 days. Severe Catarrh was accompanied by constant colds, terrific head pains, throat trouble, cough, a general stuffiness and tired feeling. Commencing treatment, all the symptoms vanished like lightning and my general health greatly improved."—Jan. 4th, 1929.

5 Years' Perfect Health Follows 3 Years' Catarrh.

MR. EVANS.

Mr. E. Evans, 31, Usk Road, Bargoed, writes: "Three years ago you completely cured me of Chronic Catarrh. I had suffered for three years. Your wonderful 'Shirley System' brought about distinct improvement during the first days of the trial. In four weeks my health was completely restored. Constant colds, sneezing fits, a hard cough, headaches and pains, and the dropping of phlegm were all banished. Taste and smell were restored. I am still enjoying the best of health, and cannot speak too highly of your splendid treatment."—Jan. 3rd, 1929.

A "God-Send" to Catarrh Victims. Says Patient Cured After 5 Years.

MR. S. HOLROYD.

Mr. S. Holroyd, 4, Tomlinson Buildings, High Street, Morley, Leeds, writes: "The 'Shirley System' is a veritable 'God-Send' to Catarrh sufferers. Nine months ago I sent for it after suffering for over five years from constant colds, a loose cough, and severe throat and breathing troubles. The treatment did everything you said it would. In a month all symptoms were banished lastingly and complete. I was quite cured, and there has been no return."—Dec. 3rd, 1928.

Deafness Cured 6 Months Ago. Remains Perfect: No More Colds.

MR. G. FAWDRY.

Mr. George Fawdry, 31, Marmion Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.1, writes: "Words seem futile to express my thanks to you for permanently curing my Deafness. Six months ago I commenced your treatment, and first noticed an improvement 11 days after. Before I had finished my hearing was quite normal, for, having once started, improvement was very rapid. Hearing still remains perfect, and I have not had a cold since. Previously, I had colds at frequent intervals."—Nov. 27th, 1928.

(Sanalak, Ltd.)

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